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GEORGE N. FULLER, Editor

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A TEMPLE OF AMERICAN HISTORY—The William L. Clements Library—William Warner Bishop	3
PIONEER DAYS IN EATON COUNTY—Daniel Strange	10
GEORGE WASHINGTON THAYER—Claude R. Buchanan	20
MEDICAL REMINISCENCES—Dr. A. F. Fischer	27
REMINISCENCES OF WM. AUSTIN BURT, Inventor of the Solar Compass—Austin Burt	34
CHIEF KESHKAUKO—Brayton Saltonstall	42
HARRIET MARTINEAU'S TRAVELS in and Around Michigan, 1836	49
HISTORICAL NOTES	100
TENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Michigan Historical Commission, 1922	116
SUPPORTING MEMBERS of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Enrolled since January, 1922	128
DONORS and Their Gifts to the Pioneer Museum, State Capitol, January 1, 1922 to January 1, 1923	135
AMONG THE BOOKS	138

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GEORGE N. FULLER, *Editor*

Scene at the dedication of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, March 31, 1922.

MICHIGAN
HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOL. VII JANUARY-APRIL, 1923 WHOLE NO. 24

A TEMPLE OF AMERICAN HISTORY: THE WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS LIBRARY

BY WILLIAM WARNER BISHOP, A. M.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THIS ceremony marks a stage in the accomplishment of a great hope and a great purpose. Behind every building and every project there lies an idea and an inspiration. Truly Dr. Richard Storrs was right when he said that the great Brooklyn Bridge was carried across the turbulent waters of the East River on the point of John A. Roebling's pencil. And today we have placed the cornerstone of a home of learning which lay long in the mind and heart of the donor before it took outward and visible form under the skilled hands of the architect. This cornerstone typifies no passing whim or momentary fancy, but rather a settled purpose, a resolution carried to fruition through long years of patient search and sustained effort.

That purpose was first the creation of a library of the original printed sources for the history of the discovery, the exploration and settlement of North America; and later the provision of an adequate and beautiful structure to house that library in fitting fashion to reach its fruition in the work of a great university. Here was an idea and an ambition to fire the imagination of any scholar. It remained for a manufacturer and banker not only to conceive the idea but

to carry it out through thirty years of devoted labor in hours snatched from the cares of a great business career.

Few folk know how slight are the foundations on which rests our knowledge of the history of this continent. Accustomed to look to manuscript sources for the history of the ancient world and the middle age, too many take comfortable refuge in the thought that as America was discovered and explored after the invention of printing, it must be easy and simple to gather the materials for the story of the discovery of the continent and the slow growth of the knowledge of its surface. They forget that the explorers and discoverers were seldom men of letters. Their rude accounts and ruder maps got into print, it is true, with great rapidity at times, and but slowly at other times. But as a rule the reports of their findings were printed in small numbers, were read to tatters by eager men, were passed from hand to hand by the explorers, and disappeared into the limbo of worn-out pamphlets and discarded tracts. More learned tomes of geographers and historians came later, printed for the most part in small numbers, frequently only bound up as there was prospect of a sale, and also subject to that *"fata libellorum"* so familiar to the world of letters. But few libraries in the world possess even the major part of the original printed sources for American history. Many early books of prime importance exist in but few perfect copies,—in numerous cases but one such is known. The task, then, of gathering a real library of Americana is (and has been for two centuries) supremely difficult and arduous.

And in these later days, particularly since the appearance of Justin Winsor's monumental history, there has arisen a collector's demand for Americana which has received the fullest commercial exploitation. Prices and costs have multiplied literally more than tenfold in my own recollection. As a consequence, mere rarity has often been exalted into value, while fundamental books have become the sport of competing collectors and the prey of the shrewd financiers among dealers

the world over. None but one who joins a wise head to a generous purse may safely fish in these troubled waters of modern auctions and internationally important sales.

Fortunate indeed is Michigan that one of her own sons, who has kept before him the aim of gathering a true library of Americana, has combined the scholar's judgment as to fundamental value with the collector's watchful and keen enthusiasm. And thrice fortunate that he has had a vision of what such a library can do in promoting historical studies in his *Alma Mater*. Not for the mere joy of possession, not for the lust of ownership has he gathered from far and near the original printed accounts of the discoverers and explorers, the tracts revealing the fates of Virginia and New England and the middle colonies in the seventeenth century, the early voyages to Canada and to our own region of the Great Lakes. Not to say that on his shelves rests the most complete collection of pamphlets relating to the American Revolution and of maps and manuscripts describing its progress and its triumphant close, a collection on which he has spent long hours and much labor. Rather to provide the materials for a first-hand study of the earlier history of our country and the means of utilizing them to the full for the benefit of historical scholarship has been his steadfast purpose. That purpose culminates in the gift of this building and of his collection—the William L. Clements Library of American History.

On the University rests the obligation to carry into full fruition the trust thus nobly conferred. Already the Regents have voted adequate support and aid. There is every prospect that the library will grow worthily with the years, will become a notable part of the University's equipment for research. But more is needed than secure provision for care, than increasing strength in rare books and precious manuscripts. A spirit of devotion to historical studies, a passion for the truth about America can alone justify such a gift and such a building as this. Here is an unrivalled oppor-

tunity for founding a real school of American history—nay, more—for creating anew an enthusiasm for that remoter past of our country whose study seems strangely enough to have fallen into neglect and almost into oblivion among us. Since Parkman made the nobility of the Jesuit missionaries, the care-free and adventurous spirit of the *voyageurs,* the petty strife of explorer and savage live once more in his glowing pages; since Prescott carried us breathless along the path of the *conquistadores,* since John Fiske wrote his solid and brilliant narratives, there has risen no great historian of America's earlier day to inspire alike the respect of scholars and the enthusiasm of the reading public. The school history and the historical novel appear to supply the greater part of what knowledge is current today as to Columbus and the Cabots, the early discoverers, the hardy explorers, those Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, Swedish and English navigators who slowly revealed to Europe the position of the continent, its shore-line, its great lakes and mighty rivers, its mountain-chains, and its great plains. Our professed and professional—not to say professorial—historians have lost the romance of America in their multifarious monographs and theses on little themes. Here are to rest the true and vital materials out of which that romance may be re-created. And more, here are the books from which alone can be won the knowledge which must underlie all truly successful historical writing.

The opportunity, then, which lies before our historians in this temple of American history is indeed marvelous. In Boston and Cambridge one can find as much of the earlier records as will soon be housed here—in Providence even more. In New York City are full as great collections. But nowhere else in America—so far as my knowledge goes—is there any library of Americana at the disposal of university students equal to the Clements Library. On the shores of the Pacific, indeed, the Bancroft and Huntington libraries—six hundred miles apart—each has preeminence in its own field, and the

Bancroft Library is in the University of California. It is our confident hope that out of the happy conjunction of the Clements Library, the General Library, the Law Library, and the historical faculty and students, will come a fresh school of American historical scholarship. Nor should we forget that but forty miles away in Detroit another alumnus of this University has gathered and given to his city a collection on the Northwest which will go far to aid and supplement these libraries here. With the Clements Library for the earliest period, for the settlement of the Atlantic Coast, and the American Revolution; with the Burton Library for Canada and the Great Lakes Region; with the Law Library for the legal side of our development; with the General Library supplementing all these and providing as well the European background of American history; with the eager spirit and generous enthusiasm which have characterized Michigan teachers and students, why should there not grow up here a group of competent and effective students of our country's past, who shall make our earlier history live once more for coming generations?

But, says the gentle cynic, it is not in Academe that great geniuses arise and thrive. And sooth to say, it is true. The list which inscribes among English writers alone the imposing names of Gibbon and Grote, Carlyle and Macaulay, Parkman, Motley and Prescott, John Richard Green and James Bryce has but few professors even appended to its illustrious roll. But when one recalls the solid labors of the great French Benedictines of St. Maur, of the Bollandists, of such men as have carried through the great publications of corpora and rolls and archives, one sees the value and the service even of professional and academic historians. Not here, perhaps, shall any Macaulay or Carlyle gather the store of knowledge which directs and underlies his passionate enthusiasms. Perhaps not here shall be found the inspiration of the prophet who shall one day interpret for us the mighty panorama of the upbuilding and unfolding of democracy on this continent. But if gen-

ius rises not from study in this house to write undying verse or heroic prose, we may not, the donor may not, grieve over lost chances. Genius is of the spirit which bloweth where it listeth. Rather shall we hope here for steady labor, for careful training, for honest output of sterling work, for a tradition of high aims and vigorous performance, for a Michigan school of American history which, with the almost unrivalled means of this library, shall carry on the spirit of those pioneers who wrought well with far lesser tools.

Perhaps it is fitting to pause a moment to pay tribute to some, at least, of these men who have made this University illustrious by their work in History. Moses Coit Tyler wrote here the first portion of his great work on the history of earlier American literature. How he would have rejoiced at the privilege of using many of the books soon to stand on this spot! How painfully he gathered, by many journeys and by generous loans, the materials for his first two volumes! Burke Hinsdale taught Education here for years with that shrewd common sense which made him a power in the land. But his real forte was the history of the old Northwest Territory and of America generally. What treasures of historical knowledge he revealed to the student whom he thought worthy of his confidence and his guidance! In earlier years Andrew D. White began and Charles Kendall Adams followed the honorable succession of historians at Michigan. I may not call the entire roll, nor name men still living, but let me at least mention the names of Angell and of Cooley,—the one full of quite unusual knowledge of American affairs, revealed frequently in unexpected glimpses and vistas in conversation; the other incisive and clear, blending always the jurist and the historian in his writing and his lectures. It is a succession demanding no small attainment of us who have followed in their footsteps. May their mantles descend on the young man who shall labor here in this building and who shall carry on their work in the next quarter century!

And now it is my high privilege to express publicly the

deep feeling of the University toward the man who has built up the Library to be placed here, putting himself unreservedly into its gathering, and who gives this building, whose corner-stone he has just laid with his own hands. To you, sir, we are profoundly grateful! The University thanks you. It acknowledges its debt to you and the deep obligation you have placed upon it by this gift. It will be faithful to the trust with which you have endowed it. Speaking for Regents, Faculties and officers, for alumni and students, I pledge to you, sir, not alone our thanks, but our promise to care for this gift, to add to it in worthy fashion, and to use it to the benefit of our *Alma Mater* and our country. You have spent lavishly of money, more lavishly of time and strength and thought to make possible this shrine of American history. It remains for our successors to carry on your work, to fulfill your plans, to profit by your labors and your generosity. Happily, we have you with us to guide, to aid, to inspire us. With Horace, our final word, as we salute and thank you, is *Serus in caelum redeas!*

This address was given at the dedication of the William L. Clements Library at the University, March 31, 1922, and is here reproduced from a privately printed brochure published at Ann Arbor. On the occasion of this address the corner stone of the library was personally laid by the donor, Regent William L. Clements, and the following introductory remarks were made by President Marion LeRoy Burton. *Members of the Board of Regents and of the University:*

We lay today the corner-stone of the Clements Library of American History. It represents the life-long interest and scholarly devotion of the donor. This occasion is a natural and instinctive response to a most notable event in the life of the University of Michigan.

This building will provide a home for a really great collection of Americana. It is strikingly appropriate in a University, organized and maintained by the people of this great State, that provisions, in such generous and adequate fashion, should be made for the study of our own annals. Our reputation as a true University will be enhanced by this gift. In this beautiful edifice the actual sources for thorough research work in American History will be placed at the disposal of the Faculty and students.

It is unusually noteworthy that this munificent gift is made to the University by one of its own loyal sons who through the years has served faithfully and wisely as a member of its Board of Regents.

In partial recognition of these and other considerations we have planned these simple exercises. We have asked the Librarian of the University, Mr. William Warner Bishop, to deliver the address upon this occasion.

Pioneer Days in Eaton County

By Daniel Strange
GRAND LEDGE

WASHINGTON IRVING, writing a history of New York, thought it necessary to begin with the creation of the Universe. It is not necessary, in writing of the pioneers of Eaton County, to relate the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 or even allude to the possible discovery by Leif Ericson some 500 years earlier; but it is proper to note that among the early explorers the Spaniards overran Peru, Central America and Mexico in quest of gold and the region of the lower Mississippi in search of the fountain of eternal youth. The Dutch explored the Hudson River thinking to find it a channel across the continent. It is strange that these early navigators should have thought it possible that a rapidly flowing current of fresh water from the hillsides might prove a channel level with a distant ocean. The French, too, explored the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to all their boundaries, thinking to find thence a passage to the Indies. In fact La Salle did find the portage across to the Illinois River down which he floated to the Mississippi and the Gulf, but was surprised to find himself still on the eastern side of the continent.

These were not home seekers. The French intermarried with the Indians and continued for many years as explorers and left a race of half-breeds behind them. French missionaries were at Sault Ste. Marie in 1641 and established a permanent settlement there in 1668. The French founded a mission at St. Ignace in 1671 and a fort at Detroit in 1701 but made little progress toward permanent settlements.

It remained to the English to colonize America. Michigan was part of the Northwest Territory until 1800 when it be-

came part of the Indiana Territory and in January, 1805, it was organized as Michigan Territory. It remained a desert wilderness until 1823 when it was given representative government. The southern portion about fifty miles in width, including Eaton County, was surveyed into townships, each six miles square, and numbered from the base line and principal meridian in 1825. These towns in turn were surveyed into sections one mile square in 1826 and 1827 or about ten years before settlers arrived. These government surveyors, in 1825, apparently met many bewildering hardships and became disgusted. They reported that the country was an interminable series of swamps and sand barrens "with not more than one acre in a hundred and probably not more than one acre in a thousand fit for cultivation."

Gen. Cass who was Governor from 1813 to 1831 knew better. He had helped to cut the army path through the wilderness from Urbana, Ohio, to Detroit in 1812. He had gone over the trail from Detroit to Saginaw, and he was the first white man who ever rode over the trail that led from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, the present site of the city of Chicago, in 1821. With a view to counteracting the effect of these reports and of opening up the country, he secured government appropriations for the inauguration of a system of roads connecting Detroit with various distant points. At the terminus of one of these roads has since grown up the city of Port Huron; of another Saginaw; of a third Grand Rapids. A fourth terminal is what is now the city of Toledo. By far the most important road was that stretching westward to the shore of Lake Michigan and ultimately to Fort Dearborn.

Doubtless the settlement of Michigan was much delayed by the fact that the low lying lands about Detroit, and for thirty miles inland, were under water much of the year, thus presenting an almost impassable barrier to pioneer settlement About 1830 settlers began to occupy the higher and drier lands of Oakland and Washtenaw counties. The government roads above named became available for pioneering further

inland. No road led direct to Eaton County but many followed the "Grand River Road" afterward the "plank road" from Detroit through Howell to North Lansing and from there a trail toward Grand Rapids. On this trail, in Clinton County at Eagle, a professional land looker named Groger lived and aided many in fording Grand River and locating lands in the north part of Eaton County, but very many more took the "Territorial Road" toward Chicago, through the Kalamazoo Valley. This they followed as far as Jackson or even Battle Creek whence they turned north and so entered Eaton County.

Eaton County was called into being by act of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan on the 29th of October 1829, when there was not a white inhabitant within its bounds. Andrew Jackson that year became president and the new county was named Eaton for his Secretary of War. On the fourth of November of that year the Council enacted that the county of Eaton be attached to, and become part of St. Joseph County. On the following day it was enacted that the counties of Branch, Calhoun and Eaton be set off into a township by the name of Green. By act of July 30, 1830, Eaton County was attached to Kalamazoo County for judicial purposes,—all of this before there was an inhabitant within the bounds of the county.

On March 17, 1835, the Territorial Council enacted that the county of Eaton be a township by the name of Belleville, and the first township meeting be held at such place as the sheriff of Calhoun County should appoint, and said county should be attached to Calhoun County for judicial purposes.

In 1835 the Territorial Council adopted a State form of government and applied to Congress for admission to the Union. In 1836 admission was granted, with the proviso that Michigan accept a southern boundary as claimed by Ohio. The Upper Peninsula was offered us in exchange for Ohio's three mile strip. Michigan accepted this and cast her electoral vote in 1836, which was accepted and counted; but the

"wireless" was slow in those days and it was not until January, 1837, that Congress proclaimed Michigan a State. Hence outside of Michigan that date is called the beginning of her statehood; but inhabitants of the State claim an earlier date, —and proved it.

On December 29, 1837, the State Legislature enacted that the county of Eaton be the same as hereby organized and that the Circuit Court of said county of Eaton should be held at such place as the county commissioners should provide. The commissioners fixed upon Bellevue "until suitable buildings could be erected at the county seat." This had been legally fixed upon the Charlotte prairie before there was house or habitation there. G. W. Barns of Gull Prairie had purchased from the Government in 1832 a part of this prairie. He offered special inducements to the Territorial Commissioners to locate the county seat there and entered a bond of $1,000. The claim that Bellevue was once the county seat has thus a shadow of truth. Courts and records were held there for a time.

The first purchases of land in the county were mainly by speculators and not by settlers. The first entry was in 1829, a part of section 30 in Vermontville, by A. Sumner. The second entry was in Oneida Township, Section 2, by H. Mason in 1831. This section embraces the north half of the present city of Grand Ledge, including the islands and the ledges, but it is doubtful if Mason ever saw it. It was sold for taxes four years later.

In 1832 the government tract book shows three entries only in the county, two by G. W. Barns, parts of Section 18 in Eaton Township and of Section 13 in Carmel, both of these in Charlotte.

The first settlement in the county was in Bellevue, and the second was in 1835 in Eaton at the edge of the prairie now occupied by the city of Charlotte.

Eight townships were first settled in 1836 and five in 1837 and last, but not least, Carmel in 1838. The location of the

County seat was upon a most beautiful flowering prairie. The legend that this was first discovered by a Mr. Torrey in 1833 is not consistent with the fact that the village was platted upon the two ⅛ sections (one upon each side of the township line) which were bought from the Government in 1832 by G. W. Barns. He secured the location of the county seat there and later sold his holdings to E. B. Bostwick. The following statement was written and read by E. A. Foote, Esq., in 1877. It differs somewhat from other published statements; but he was painstaking and thorough and had facilities not now available, and he vouched for its accuracy.

"Jonathan and Samuel Searls found their way through from Bellevue in October, 1885. They worked five days cutting this track and then hired a team to bring Mrs. Searls and the household goods through. This track followed the Indian trail from Bellevue to the Indian Village in Walton, and then followed the ridge along the south side of Battle Creek until it reached the township line running through Charlotte. This was for a long time the only passable route to Bellevue.

"Jonathan and Samuel had no team to work with for one year after they came. By their own unaided strength they had to cut and move to the spot the logs for Searl's house, and then raise the logs to their place in the building. There was not another house or family within eight miles of them. These two men worked alone bare handed, laying the foundation of a city, until the first of February, 1837, when Japhet Fisher joined them as hired man and went to chopping for them. He afterwards became, by accident, the first settler in Benton. Stephen Kinne and his wife and brother, Amos, came through on the first of January, 1837, following the track cut in 1835, and built their house two miles south of Charlotte. The nearest house then was Mr. Shumway's in Walton, two miles southwest of where Olivet is now located. In 1837 Searls built a house for Uncle Jonathan further west on Searls Street. It was this log house of Uncle Jonathan's that became, for a time, the headquarters for the county. They

held caucusses, conventions and county canvasses there. At these times people almost always stayed over night.

"Aunt Sally had them all to wait upon. She did the county cooking for years. We had a great deal of men's company in those days, she said, but we seldom saw a woman."

In 1837 or 1838 a log house was built on the south side of Lawrence Ave. east of the site of the Methodist Church where Chas. Piper once resided. This was the first building erected properly on the prairie, the house of Jonathan Searls was in the edge of the timber at the southeast corner of the prairie.

Allen Searls, a half brother of Jonathan, Stephen and Samuel moved with his wife in September, 1838, coming with a horse team *via* Jackson and Eaton Rapids. A road was cut out from the Rapids to a point in Eaton Township and was passable for teams. From Charlotte a road was cut out as far east as the Holcomb place. When Allen Searls arrived he contracted with H. I. Lawrence to finish a tavern, or the "court house" as it was called. Mr. Searls was unable to finish the building for the spring term of court in 1839, and the first court was not held here until the following year.

Harvey Williams who owned the first frame house as successor to Simeon Harding, established the first store in the place. A block building which stood on a lot between the hotel and the Methodist Church, was built by Mr. Bostwick and occupied by a young lawyer, La Cont. Edward A Foote entered the University of Michigan in 1840, and on the 15th of August 1848 located in Eaton County, of which he was elected clerk in 1856. In January, 1855, he established the Eaton *Republican* (afterward the Charlotte *Republican*) and became its first editor. He was prominent in organizing the Republican party in the county and in the State.

Dr. A. B. Sampson came to Charlotte in 1843, and won his place as one of its most enterprising citizens. The "Sampson Hall" in which the courts were for some time held was built by him in 1866-67 and was the second or third brick building in the place.

Hiram Shepherd first came to Michigan in 1837 and purchased a tract of land about two miles southeast of Charlotte, then went east for his family, returning with them in 1840. Charlotte then contained but two or three buildings, and neighbors were scarce. After moving two or three times he finally settled at what became known as "Shepherd's Corners" where his remaining years were spent..

Alonzo L. Baker settled in Eaton County in 1842 and in Charlotte in 1848, which was his home until his death in 1880. Henry Robinson settled in Vermontville in 1844 and removed to Charlotte in 1852. Hannibal G. Rice was a well-known character and amassed considerable wealth. Ellzey Hayden settled in Charlotte in 1844 and engaged in business with his brother John. He was a prominent citizen and held county office many years. James Johnson settled in 1851, F. H. Kilbourn in 1857 and T. D. Green in 1846. Rev. Foote, father of E. A. Foote, was an Episcopal clergyman and a graduate of the University of Vermont, practiced law in the Supreme Court of Vermont in 1822, founded and edited the Burlington *Free Press*. He preached in Kalamazoo from 1840 and came to Charlotte in 1846. D. F. Webber, Esq., came to Charlotte in 1857 and the following winter taught the village school, then took a census of the village and found less than 700 inhabitants. He taught in a brick building on West Lovett Street. The building afterwards became a wagon shop.

Mr. Johnson established the Eaton *Bugle* in March 1845. The first number had advertisements of S. E. Millett & Co., "All kinds of goods (for ready pay only)" also, "Wanted, 100,000 bushels of ashes delivered at our ashery in exchange for goods." Joseph Hall, M. D., and M. S. Wilkinson, attorney, had cards in this issue. J. & E. Hayden advertised tin, etc., for sale, "Terms—Ready pay. All kinds of produce taken in exchange." The editor was evidently a humorist. From his long editorial I clip but a fragment—"Where is the heart that hath ever imagined the inward pang that a half-cracked swain endures when gazing at two of these flowers—the most

lovely that ever grew—bringing their lips together with a sound not unlike that which a cider barrel makes when the bung flies out?" In the sixth issue of the *Bugle* the editor announced: "Since our last paper there have thirteen new settlers arrived in our prairie city. We are happy to announce that the prospects of our village were never better."

E. B. Bostwick of New York City had purchased from Geo. W. Barns the entire tract upon which the early village was located. H. I. Lawrence of Charlotte was his agent. Bostwick wrote Lawrence from N. Y. Dec. 29, 1835, a letter from which I extract the following: "I am much pleased with your purchase of the balance of the Eaton county seat property and will soon write you a long letter submitting a plan for the town. You speak of calling the place after me, but as I have just become a married man, I would prefer calling it Charlotte, after my wife."

A petition from the citizens was handed to the Board of Supervisors at their session in October 1863, and the order was issued on the twelfth of that month incorporating the village of Charlotte. The first election was held on the first of March, 1864, when the following officers were chosen: Pres., A. D. Shaw; Trustees, W. E. Granger, Joseph Musgrave, Calvin Clark, Sylvester Collins, S. P. Webber, and T. L. Curtiss; Marshal, Henry Baughman; Treasurer, E. T. Church; Clerk, E. A. Foote; Assessor, S. P. Jones.

By act of the Michigan Legislature, March 29, 1871, the City of Charlotte was incorporated. The first postmaster was Jonathan Searls, appointed in 1838, and a mail bag came once a week from Marshall. Musgrave & Haslett became dry goods merchants here in 1854. F. W. & P. M. Higby entered the same business in 1858. Elisha Shepherd in company with his father-in-law, L. H. Ion, began business here in 1852. They were proprietors of the old Eagle Hotel and operated a line of stages to neighboring towns. About 1856 the firm of E. & J. Shepherd was established. E. T. Church established a grocery store here in 1858 and continued it until he was the

oldest established merchant in the city. A. H. Munson and Theodore Thomas established a hardware business in 1861. Musgrave and Lacey established a banking house in January 1862. These dates are copied as I find them in print. My personal recollection would question some of them. Hon. D. Darwin Hughes taught the school here in 1841-2. N. A. Johnson, a manufacturer, came in 1842 when there were but five completed houses in the city.

Charlotte may well be proud of her beautiful prairie but, financially considered, it was but a poor offset for the stream, water-power and sawmill possessed by other infant villages of that period. Searls brothers were expert with the broad-axe, and hewed boards, leaving no score marks, for many houses. The first load of lumber in Charlotte was drawn in from Spicerville in 1838. It was used in flooring the Hotel, and in May 1840 the first term of court was held in its upper room.

The first permanent settlement in Eaton County was in 1833. Allowing a full generation for pioneering, the county was well opened up in 1866. There were as many miles of road opened then in the county as today (not so good however) as many bridges, as many schools, churches (not edifices), mills, etc. Pioneers no longer cut roads to their homes through trackless forests nor pounded corn upon stumps for their meal. The open fire-place had given place to the stove for cooking, and carpets appeared upon the floors. About this time home-spun suits for grown daughters gave place to calico, and young men began to buy some of their clothes "ready-made."

The soldiers returned from the Civil War with some money and much enterprise. An era of rapid development then set in; the county has since multiplied its wealth many fold but not by pioneering methods. Perhaps as many acres have been cleared since that date as before, but by quite a different process. The grub-hoe has given place to dynamite, the scythe to the mower, the sickle to the reaper, the ox to the horse, and he to the motor. We talk with friends 1000 miles away and

transport ourselves through the air and our thoughts by wireless to the ends of the earth.

The pioneers' proper work in Eaton County ended in 1866; we may well end our story there, and bid them a grateful farewell. Long may they live in the memory of our people!

George Washington Thayer

By Claude R. Buchanan
GRAND RAPIDS

THE subject of this sketch was born at Burlington, Vermont, September 27, 1827, and died at Grand Rapids, Michigan, September 2, 1916, at the age of eighty-nine. His father was Nathaniel Thayer, a native of Massachusetts, and his mother was Pamelia Lyon of Shelburne, Vermont.

Mr. Thayer was reared on the farm until he was eighteen years old, and had a struggle to get his common-school and academic education. Through the influence of his uncle, Lucius Lyon, who was then Surveyor General northwest of Ohio for the United States government, Mr. Thayer came to Michigan in 1845, residing at Detroit. Detroit at this time had less than 15,000 people. As Lucius Lyon died in 1851, Mr. Thayer's association with his uncle was limited to the years between 1845 and 1851 at Detroit and elsewhere.

Previous to Mr. Thayer's embarking in the surveying and engineering business in Detroit in connection with the Surveyor General's office there, he had made a trip in 1845 to Grand Rapids, spending a few months there, and then returned to Detroit and joined a party organized by Lucius Lyon, seven in number, to explore the northern peninsula. They met in northern Michigan the exploring and surveying party of Dr. Douglass Houghton, the noted State Geologist and eminent scientist, and made the trip as far as Copper Harbor where Dr. Houghton was located, and which is a few miles west of Keweenaw Point. This was a tremendous undertaking in those days, attended with all kinds of hardships and dangers. Mr. Thayer had one particularly narrow escape with two others on the rocky shores of Lake Superior.[1]

[1]Mr. Thayer read to the State Historical Society an account of this trip to Lake Superior, in June of 1902, which is found in Volume 30 of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections. It is as interesting as any novel and well written, with a keen memory for events.

LUCIUS LYON
United States Senator, 1835-40.

It was the intention of Mr. Thayer at this time to become a surveyor and engineer. Dr. Houghton unfortunately was drowned in October of 1845, which threw additional responsibilities and difficulties upon Mr. Thayer in the north, who had been working for Dr. Houghton doing difficult and trying work of various kinds. But he finished his work and returned to Detroit with a record brought back to his uncle that he could be proud of, and he resumed his work in his uncle's office, working up to chief clerk. Both Mr. Thayer and Lucius Lyon were living in Detroit in 1851 when Mr. Lyon died.

When the Surveyor General's office in Detroit was removed to St. Paul in 1856, Mr. Thayer first engaged in business in Detroit, and then in 1861 went to Grand Rapids where he resided until his death in 1916. He engaged in trade, wholesale and retail as a grocer, and retired in 1888.

Mr. Thayer was City Clerk in Grand Rapids for the fiscal year 1864 to 1865, and mayor of Grand Rapids from 1877 to 1878, elected on the Democratic ticket. At the time of Mr. Thayer's death in 1916, the newspapers in their obituary notices called attention to the fact that it was during Mr. Thayer's administration as mayor that Grand Rapids for the first time began to take on city airs, prohibiting cows, chickens and pigs from perambulating the streets.

In 1879 Mr. Thayer became a member of the Board of Public Works where he remained for upwards of nine years, most of the time president of the Board of Public Works. It was at this time that Mr. Thayer showed his true caliber, business ability, judgment and engineering skill, as one of the so-called big four in Grand Rapids in the seventies. The men whose names at this time were prominently coupled with his, were Thomas D. Gilbert, William T. Powers and C. C. Comstock, who together with a group of other prominent citizens, though all busy men, gave much time to the city's affairs covering the field of big interests, municipal and otherwise.

He was the first president of West Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society in 1879, and served several years. He

was also president of the Old Settlers Association for upwards of twenty-one years, resigning in January, 1916, after having suffered from ill health for some time.[2]

Lucius Lyon was born at Shelbourne Falls, near Burlington, Vermont, February 26, 1800, and died at Detroit September 24, 1851. He was reared on a farm until about eighteen, and gained a common-school and good academic education. He studied surveying and civil engineering until after he was of age, under John Johnson, a prominent citizen and civil engineer of Burlington, Vermont.

At the age of twenty-two he determined to go to the West. It was a great undertaking in those days, a leap in the dark. All reports about the west, so-called, were very unreliable. He got to Buffalo, thence to Detroit, by boat, having to borrow a few dollars to complete his boat fare, which he succeeded in getting from a Masonic brother. Having arrived in Detroit he obtained employment as a teacher for a short time and then became deputy surveyor under the Surveyor General of the northwest. He had presented letters of introduction to General Cass, who afterwards became his lifelong friend, and to others, and made a good impression and attracted attention wherever he went.

He formed a party and began surveying for Uncle Sam in 1823, Michigan having perhaps 10,000 inhabitants at that time,—8,899 in 1820. Detroit in 1820 had 1,422 people.

He continued surveying until 1832, covering various parts of the lower peninsula, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, acquiring an immense fund of information and a very wide acquaintance. Mr. Thayer says that he established the northern boundary of Illinois in 1833. Mr. Lyon became a very valuable source of information as to locating lands, water power and various territorial matters, and being a man

[2]An excellent sketch of Lucius Lyon will be found in the records of this Society, Volume 13, page 325, by George H. White of Grand Rapids, and another in Volume 27, page 404, by George W. Thayer. Both of these sketches are of a high order, appreciative of Mr. Lyon, and adorn the records. Volume 27 also contains nearly, two hundred of the letters of Lucius Lyon and many more listed. He was a voluminous letter writer and his letters are valuable. There is a large quantity of them now in Grand Rapids that have not been made public.

well liked everywhere, he rapidly amassed a fortune, invested it in well selected realty, and in ten years was one of the wealthiest men in the Territory. He had very close and friendly relations with Governor Cass and Henry R. Schoolcraft. The efforts of these men had attracted a good deal of attention to Michigan.

It was believed at this time that Michigan had about the necessary 60,000 free inhabitants in the southern peninsula required under the Ordinance of 1787 to apply for admission as a state. Mr. Wing, the then Territorial delegate to Congress, was a candidate for re-election. The cry went up for Lyon to contest on account of his great knowledge and acquaintance in the Territory. The people knew Lyon and turned to him. He served as Territorial delegate for 1833, 1834 and 1835.

Mr. Lyon saw the Ohio line controversy going against Michigan, and knowing the upper peninsula, he urged its acceptance. The upper peninsula at that time was supposed to be a sterile and valueless region. Lyon knew better, but did not realize its true value.

In 1835 while the controversy with Ohio as to the boundary line between Michigan and Ohio was going on, and while Governor Lucas of Ohio was taking steps to take possession of the disputed property, the State Government in Michigan was organized and at the same time a state Constitution was voted upon, State officers were elected provisionally, and when the Constitution was adopted they took office, and Governor Stevens T. Mason, acting Governor of the Territory, was elected Governor, Judges were appointed and the Courts were organized. The Legislature met and elected Lucius Lyon and John Norvell as the first two United States Senators. There must have been some good reason for the election of Lucius Lyon. In Mr. George H. White's sketch of Lucius Lyon, we find the reason. He says:

"If to have contributed in a greater degree than any other person, always excepting Lewis Cass, Henry R. Schoolcraft,

and Dr. Douglass Houghton, to the diffusion of a knowledge of the wonderful resources and advantages of that portion of the Northwest Territory that now constitutes the states of Wisconsin and Michigan; if to have represented it in Congress at so early a day that those resources were generally unknown; if to have been unwearied and successful in efforts to diffuse an acquaintance with them, and to have materially aided their development; if to have devoted his whole energies and fortune to that development, calls for a perpetuation by you of his memory, and some knowledge of his acts, then truly does a sketch of Lucius Lyon, a delegate of the Territory of Michigan in the Congress of the United States, and one of the first United States Senators from this State, deserve your attention for a few minutes this day."

There is no question that Mr. Lyon's knowledge of Michigan was very valuable for the State so far as emigration of the best New England stock to Michigan was concerned.

In a paper by Mr. Thayer on Lucius Lyon he says with reference to Mr. Lyon and the Ohio boundary dispute and the matter of the admission of Michigan as a State, the following: "In February, 1836, he wrote, if Michigan lost its claim for its southern boundary, as it would, he should insist that the boundary on the north and northwest should include what we now call our Upper Peninsula and the islands in Lake Michigan, covering an area of 20,000 square miles, including three-fourths of the American shore of Lake Superior. In this effort he was opposed by his colleague, Senator Norvell and Delegate Crary. He expressed the opinion that this territory on the north, which he should insist upon having, would, within ten years, be worth more than forty millions of dollars. He had a better knowledge of it at that time than almost any other man in the Territory. It was largely by his effort that our Upper Peninsula was made a part of Michigan."

And a little later on, Mr. Thayer says: "His view was soon vindicated and Michigan ceased to regret the loss of the narrow southern strip of territory when Geologist Houghton re-

ported the marvellous richness in minerals and lumber of that region which the State had acquired in the north."

In the same paper, Mr. Thayer says: "The full length portrait of General Lafayette, executed by the celebrated artist, Ary Scheffer, now hanging in the State house at Lansing, was purchased by Mr. Lyon and presented to the State of Michigan."

Of Senator Lyon, Mr. Thayer also has this to say: "He had an extended acquaintance among the most prominent men and women of his time, and his relations with many were of a very friendly character. His interest in his family and kindred never waned. Many of them enjoyed personal benefits from his influence and means. He valued unselfish friendship and was himself ever true to it."

Mr. Thayer also gives an interesting extract from a letter of Ex-Governor and Ex-United States Senator Alpheus Felch of Ann Arbor, which concludes with the following: "Mr. Lyon was, in fact, among the prominent men of Michigan in her early days, one of the truest and best."

In 1843 Mr. Lyon was elected representative to Congress and served one term. He then in 1845 was appointed by President Polk as Surveyor General of public lands of the Northwest. The office was changed from Cincinnati to Detroit to meet with his wishes, and he served in this capacity practically until the time of his death. He died at the home of Mr. Thayer in Detroit September 25, 1851. Mr. Thayer's concluding words in his sketch of the Life of Senator Lyon are these: "As I move through the corridors of my own memory, and look upon its walls, I discover not one who represents a truer and nobler manhood, or a higher type of American citizenship, than does Lucius Lyon. Honored be his memory."

In Mr. George H. White's sketch of Lucius Lyon, this is his description of his appearance and personality:

"He was about five feet and eleven inches tall and weighed about two hundred pounds, but was not fleshy, only portly. His head was large and so was his face; his complexion was

light and florid; his hair was a light brown; he was very deliberate in his movements; his general appearance was prepossessing, his manners very urbane. He was not a rapid talker, but his words were very plainly and deliberately spoken; his voice was a kindly one; his manners were grave and dignified; he was very neat in his personal appearance and quite particular about his dress; his habits were exemplary; he was public spirited and benevolent. His was a busy life in which he found no time to select a wife."

Of Mr. Lyon's personality and character, Mr. Thayer says:

"Personally, Mr. Lyon was a man of distinguished appearance, and where unknown, would be noticed and inquired about among any body of men of which he might be one. In stature, he was about five feet ten inches, weight a little under two hundred pounds, features regular, face large and attractive, eyes grey, hair a soft silky brown, forehead wide, head very large, very neat and particular in dress, rather slow in movement, impressive in bearing, courteous in manners, pleasant in voice, agreeable in conversation, especially with his acquaintances. He was not an orator nor an easy public speaker, never being able to overcome the embarrassment felt when he addressed public assemblages, which he avoided as much as possible. As a writer he was able, expressing his thoughts with ease, force and clearness. He was temperate in all things. He never used profane language. In public station he had equipoise, clear discernment, far-reaching judgment. In politics he was neither scheming nor artful. As a man of business he was rather sanguine. He planned and entered upon many large enterprises, some of which, had he possessed greater caution, would have appeared to him less promising of success. His mind was broad and comprehensive, his nature most generous."

[3]Read at the annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, at Lansing, May 9, 1917, on the occasion of presenting to the Society a portrait of Lucius Lyon in accordance with the will of Mr. Thayer who was long and actively associated with the State's historical work.

Medical Reminiscences

By Dr. A. F. Fischer
HANCOCK

THURSDAY, June 26, 1890, was certainly a red letter day in my life. On this day the Faculty of the University of Michigan conferred upon me my diploma as Doctor of Medicine and Surgery; because of this basal fact we are able to direct your attention to a medical paper. It might be of interest to state that this date brought to pass the culmination of an ambition, which my mother often told with much pride, namely that her infant prodigy, Arthur, had decided at the age of two to study medicine, substantiating it with the story of my starting out to make calls at this tender age with her handbag filled with bottles and powders,—and as this was in the city of Chicago, you can imagine her mad dash down the avenue.

Friday, July 11, I received a telegram without previous warning from Dr. C. L. Ford, a friend of mine who was then stationed at the Quincy Mine Dispensary as assistant, requesting me to leave at once for Hancock, to relieve him as he had a position waiting for him in New York City. I was interested at once for I recalled how often back in my school days I had poured over the chapter on Lake Superior in the large "Complete School Geography,"—remember in those days geographical knowledge went by sizes; the Primary geography was about 6x8 inches, then we advanced to the Intermediate Edition 10x12 and finally made an honorable entree into the 18x24 size (or it seemed that large and important to us) called the *Complete School Geography for Advanced Students* (emphasis on the last two words); but this is digressing from our narrative; this "Complete Geography" had a chapter on Lake Superior illustrating the pictured rocks, and I had often

wished to see these. Incidentally I might state that after a sojourn of thirty-two years, I still have coming the pleasure of seeing these rocks.

So Saturday, July 12, 1890, I set sail on my journey to the far north, and the wilderness of Keweenaw Peninsula, shipping in the port of Detroit on the Steamer, City of Mackinac, for St. Ignace with through ticket *via* D. S. S. & A. R. R. to Hancock, the total fare being $13.95. The boat ride was uneventful; previous to this my sailing experience had been confined to Mississippi steamers with their endless stopping places, and negro deck hands with overlords, whose vocabulary was not of the parlor variety and quite in contrast to the calm and unostentatious methods of this boat.

My interest became aroused, however, after beginning the journey over the South Shore. The train consisted of baggage car and smoker and day coach, and these were filled with French Canadian lumber men, whom I had never seen before. Their picturesque costumes and volubility interested me. The great pine forests were a revelation; and everything along the line was new and interesting. There were two long waits, one at Soo Junction and the other at Nestoria; these I will never forget. If I remember correctly the train left us at the Soo Junction, while it traveled to the Soo and back and at Nestoria the wait was so many hours that I wouldn't be surprised if someone would tell me that it made the trip to Duluth and back, while we sat on the depot platform, waiting, and looking at pine trees until these too became monotonous. But all things earthly tend to finality, and so in due time, I think it was about 6 or 7 P. M., we arrived in Hancock, on July 15, 1890, at the Mineral Range Depot at the foot of Tezcuco Street. As I stepped off the train the view that met my eyes seemed one of the finest I had ever beheld,—the wonderful location of Houghton and Hancock resting along the banks of Portage Lake. Dr. Ford met me at the depot and on our way up the street pointed out Gutch's Eating House across from the depot, and dilated on the

wonderful meals they served. I remember coming up the street, Pinten's hardware store and photograph gallery, Congregational Church, Lake View Hotel, and further up the street Baer Bros. meat market. Henry Baer was one of the first men I met.

Finally we arrived at the Quincy Dispensary and I met my future chief Dr. Flavius J. Downer, who, ready to make the best of an unavoidable bargain, was kind enough to permit me to begin my labors for the Quincy under his preceptorship. The salary was $200 for the year and board. Little did I think then that this was the beginning of a thirty-two years' service with the "Old Reliable." My friend Dr. Ford that evening gave me a short introduction to my new surroundings, pointed out the calomel bottle, the box of salts, the can of castor oil, the jug of Downers Standard Cough Medicine, and the demijohn of liniment, further the drawer containing tooth forceps (this introduced me to the fact that I was to be dentist as well as doctor) and another in which there was a bone saw, an old army tourniquet and an assortment of knives with tortoise shell handles that closed like a razor. There were also here a turnkey for twisting out teeth and a multiple snap bleeding lancet with cups. These latter two, however, were only kept as relics, so by contrast we might see how far medicine had advanced since the dim past when the dispensary had first set up its beacon light on the hill top. With this brief introduction, my friend bade me good luck and go to it; he left for New York the next morning.

The next day found me busy in locating things and I was pleased to find a very complete line of medicines and supplies, also that an inner sanctum contained all instruments necessary for that day's practice of the healing art. Bandages we made ourselves by tearing up old sheets and rolling them by hand. Dr. Downer always preferred old sheets to new muslin and was an adept at bandaging; whenever he completed a bandage it was just like the book and he often was annoyed at me because my bandages would seldom line up

to within a quarter of an inch to pattern. The doctor would trade new muslin for old sheets whenever our bandage stock became low, and as this became noised about, we were swamped with offers, when finally we took advantage of the situation and made the proviso, that the one favored with the trade must roll one-half of the material into bandages, we to outline the sizes; we found that otherwise there would be a great shortage of the one-inch size, which we used most of and which entailed most labor to make.

The Dispensary consisted of two rooms, one quite large, the greater portion of which not taken up by the coal stove was devoted to a waiting room and operating arena. The other portion was supplied with a counter back of which were the shelves filled with bottles of medicine. The patients as called would step forward to this counter, recite their ailments before the doctor and the audience and receive advice and medicine according to the merits of the recital; and he understood his dismissal was at hand when the next one was called to account. There was another room adjoining this one, and occasionally by some sort of freemasonry a patient would be permitted to enter the room accompanied by Doctor Downer, and later on the doctor would appear again and write a future date upon a slate; it was not long before I learned that this meant trouble ahead some dark night for the assistant. Beyond this second room was a hallway and on the other side of this was a bedroom, the domicile of the assistant. Among the furnishings was a wood stove, and woodshed adjoining (wood furnished as part of the stipend). A tin lantern hung on a nail (the chief always carried a brass one) to guide me at night, as electric light was still unknown with us. The summer was wonderful and all went well until the winter came. I shall always remember how in the morning I would hop out of bed, light the stove hurriedly and fly back until things warmed up; then with the second sally would chop the ice out of the pitcher and have a good wash before breakfast.

Dr. Downer was a prince of a man as well as a capable physician. He was the ideal mine doctor, he always knew when to rave and when to smile, he was a man of great resource, big hearted and sympathetic, and to this day his name is revered by the old-timers on the hill. Doctor Downer was the eighth doctor for the Quincy Mining Company. The others in chronological order were:

1. Dr. Clark, who came from Boston in the early fifties.
2. Dr. Fuller.
3. Dr. Robbins in 1860, was about seventy years old when he came here, used saddle bags and rode horseback to make his calls. A Doctor Carpenter was with him as assistant.
4. Dr. Heaton.
5. Dr. Flanner.
6. Dr. Plews.
7. Dr. Shepard (Dr. Case as assistant).
8. Dr. Downer, who had been here about eight years when I arrived. My predecessors as assistants under Doctor Downer were in order, Drs. Slowman, Meloche, Going, Spaulding, and Ford.

It was my pleasure to find that Doctor Dodge was near me, being located at the Peninsula Mine (now called Franklin Junior). Doctor Dodge was a senior medical student in Ann Arbor during my junior year and we were glad to renew our college day friendship.

In those days it was customary for the new coming doctor to call upon the other members of the profession in the same town, so after registering my diploma at Houghton, my chief started the rounds with me. It was then that I was introduced to Dr. Scallon, and formed what proved to be a lifelong friendship. At this time there were in Hancock besides Dr. Scallon, Dr. Gasser and Dr. Gallagher.

In Houghton were Dr. Overfield, Dr. Wheeler, Dr. Mason and Dr. Jones.

At Franklin Mine was that old veteran, Dr. Rhodes. He was a great genius for patents, and among other inventions

had a fracture chair and table combined that was quite ingenious. He was an adept in the use of the forceps in obstetrics. His great hobby in medicine was calomel and he once read a paper before the State Medical Society on its use in Diphtheria.

At the Atlantic was Dr. David in charge and I believe Dr. Moore arrived there as assistant shortly after my advent at the Quincy and we formed a friendship that has lasted ever since. In those days one of the major operations that commanded wide respect was an amputation, and I well remember when Dr. Downer and myself were invited to the Atlantic to participate in one such an event, namely, the amputation of a foot above the ankle. After the arduous surgical labors had been concluded, Mrs. Davis had a wonderful deer steak dinner for us, and it was certainly a dinner fit for a king. I had never tasted venison before, was very hungry and between the good doctor and his wife they constantly saw to it that I did not go short. I do not believe I ever had seen so big a platter full of meat in my day, and I do not believe that much was left for further orders.

At this time at Calumet and Hecla were stationed Drs. Osborn, Pomeroy, Niles, Simonson, and Bobb.

At Tamarack, Drs. Lawbaugh, Rodi and Aleck MacRae.

At Central, Dr. John MacRae.

At Lake Linden, Dr. Fletcher, and West for Calumet & Hecla, and Dr. Orr for Tamarack and Osceola.

At Hubbell (then Grove), Dr. Going was stationed and Dr. Patterson.

At the Entry, Dr. Meloche had charge of the work.

At Chassell, Dr. Smith was stationed.

At L'Anse, Dr. J. G. Turner was in charge.

For Ontonagon District, Dr. Pratt had charge of the Minnesota (now Michigan), 1859, or perhaps earlier. He left to be married and was drowned while Indians in a canoe were crossing with him from L'Anse to Baraga. His body rests in Ontonagon Cemetery. In 1860 Dr. Brunsweeler, followed by

Dr. Jayte, 1861; Dr. Flauner; Dr. Osborne; Dr. Vale, 1867; Dr. Seymour; Dr. Burnham; Dr. Downer; Dr. W. G. Gates, 1890.

At Ontonagon Dr. Walbank, 1862; Dr. Ellis; Dr. Walbank was an uncle of Dr. Jones of Houghton and Dr. Jones studied under him. Dr. Jones walked from the mine to Ontonagon every other day, twenty-two miles, to take charge of Dr. Brunsweeler's work, who was at Ann Arbor taking a six weeks' post graduate course.

About this time there came an evolution and revolution in the science and philosophy of medicine by the persistent importuning of the germ, which had been brought out to the world as a living reality by Drs. Pasteur, Lister and Koch; this certainly stirred up the profession to its foundation; it meant the discarding of many fundamentals and preparing for a new era; but of this another time.

Read at the annual meeting of the Keweenaw Historical Society, April 26, 1922.

Reminiscences of Wm. Austin Burt, Inventor of the Solar Compass [1]

By Austin Burt
DETROIT

ON MAY 10, 1824, my father, Wm. A. Burt, landed in Detroit, with his family, consisting of himself, wife and four sons, John aged 10, Alvin not quite 8 years, Austin less than 6 years and Wells 3½ years old. My father procured ox-teams and lumber wagons with which he conveyed his family and household goods to Capt. Parks' place in the Town of Troy in Oakland County. Here my mother and her boys remained, the older boys attending school part of the time, until fall when we moved into the house my father had constructed on the N ½ of the S W ¼ of Section 31 in the Town of Washington, Macomb County. The house was built of logs, selected from the timber on the quarter section. It was provided with an old-fashioned fire-place. There was a small addition on one side in which was a bedroom for the use of father and mother. Sleeping quarters for the children and a hired man were provided in the loft of the house.

The house was located about 40 rods east of Stoney Creek, whose bank on that side was some 30 feet high. The boys brought water from the creek for household use, until a well was dug near the house. A barn was also built. Clearing some of the land, cutting some of the timber into lengths for the fire-place, hauling it to the house, preparing the cleared ground for tillage,—such was the order of the day, the boys gladly helping as far as they were able. Thus they were

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[1] Extracts from a paper prepared by Austin Burt and read May 10, 1884, by Mr. George H. Cannon at a meeting of the Macomb County Pioneer Society, and now furnished to this Magazine by his son, Horace Eldon Burt, 5819 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Ed.

AUSTIN BURT
Age about 50 years.

afforded an early opportunity to learn how to use an axe. My father purchased stock, cows, sheep, hogs, as soon as they could be cared for on the premises in suitable enclosures for the night. In the summer the stock had the range of the unimproved land. It was the business of the boys to hunt the cows and sheep and put them in their pens for the night. Occasionally the animals were not found and the hunting was continued next day. Bells that could be heard a long way off were worn by one of the cows and a sheep. In case of rain or heavy dew, tramping through the woods and undergrowth, one would get soaked,—made more uncomfortable and perplexing when cows and sheep were lying down and the bells were quiet. And when found, how unconcerned the animals seemed to be over the trouble and anxiety they had caused those whose duty it was to hunt them in the woods!

If the sheep were out of their pens over night and were found alive next day, it was because the wolves had feasted off some sheep belonging to a neighbor. Often at night wolves came near the house, mounted the wood pile and set up unearthly howls. I remember an occasion when, after they had killed some of our sheep, traps were set for them. A bear trap was procured from John Bennett, a neighbor,—one that had a log chain attached to it, with which to make it fast to a tree or log. One afternoon this was placed on a dead sheep whose carcass some crows were hungrily eyeing, and made securely fast, it was thought. Late in the afternoon, on going out to see if anything had happened, the trap and chain were gone. A search was made and the trap was found fast to the upper jaw of a wolf. This was not the luscious meal he had sought. Going into a thicket, the hook of the chain had caught and held him fast, and he was readily done for.

There were no laid-out roads. Travel was over or near Indian trails. One trail passed our house in a northeast course from Pontiac to Romeo. Bands of Indians frequently stopped at our house for something to eat while *en route* one

way or the other. Our nearest neighbor was Mr. John S. Axford, one-half mile to the northeast. In the spring of 1825, my mother sent me on an errand to Mr. Axford's, the trail in question passing his house. On the way home I got lost, through failure to follow the trail. A cowpath branched off from it; this I took and went on until it grew faint and more faint. Coming out to the Creek I crossed over it on a log; but as luck would have it, I came at least to the rear of our house, my steps bringing me to the Creek again where it was necessary to wade across in icy water up to my waist. There was much rejoicing in our home when the six year old boy told his story.

In the summer of 1825 I attended a school located near Mr. Arnold's one and a half miles northeast. I went there and returned with the Axford children. Sometimes we played truant, in the whortleberry season. This truancy did not pass unreproved. As time passed, the clearing grew apace, crops of several kinds were produced. Corn-husking bees occurred which I greatly enjoyed. Flax was raised and subjected to the break and hetchel. When it was ready my mother with her spinning wheel spun it into linen thread and then on her loom wove it into cloth for household use. Wool from the sheep was taken to the Stoney Creek Carding Mill and the rolls were spun into yarn and this woven into satinet for wearing apparel by my mother.

The winter, for two or three months, was a time for the older boys to go to school. At other times they were needed at home for all sorts of farm work. For a like period in summer the younger children were sent to school. My brother William was added to the family in 1825. Mr. Arnold's school was a success in training the ideas of the older boys. He was well up on Rules, as well as on arithmetic, spelling, grammar, etc. Owing to considerable snow in the winter, it was natural that the boys should indulge in snowballing each other. Mr. Arnold made a rule that snowballing the school house would be followed by punishment. Some time after

this, when the girls were out at their recess, which came first, a snowball hit the door and the boys inside heard it plainly. The rule was to the effect that the first one who offended would be punished. Then the boys had their recess. No girl had been called out on the floor for the offense. Myron Norton thought he would test out the working of the rule, as applied to the first offenders. So when he got outdoors he threw a snowball straight at the door and didn't miss it. Soon after entering, the boys heard Mr. Arnold inquire who threw that snowball against the door. Norton acknowledged his guilt forthwith. He was told to stand out on the floor, as soon as the boy who was sent for it returned with the "birch." He did so, but refused to accept punishment until after the first offender had been punished, who was a girl. To this Mr. Arnold did not agree, and a tussle ensued, to the discomfiture of Mr. Arnold, from whom Norton snatched the "birch." Mr. Arnold, thoroughly incensed, then picked up the iron poker; but Norton, superior in strength, wrenched it away. Defeat was acknowledged by Mr. Arnold. It so happened that the girl who was first to break the rule was a favorite of Mr. Arnold's—one whom he afterward married. During the scuffle between Mr. Arnold and Norton, the girls, standing on desks and seats screamed at the top of their voices, until Norton took his seat. Notwithstanding this and other minor infractions of the rules, Mr. Arnold must be credited with success as a school teacher. Some of his graduates were Daniel and Samuel Axford, Myron Norton (with honors), Lucinda and Lauretta Townsend, Julia A. Calkins and a few others.

Many a jolly time was had by the boys and girls on occasions when the sleighing was good, the winter air crisp and bracing, and spelling bouts were participated in by competing schools. One of our boys, who committed to memory all the hard words in the dictionary was an invincible speller and the longest to be on his feet. There were singing classes at the school house and sundry parties common to country life.

This school and its schoolmaster, I take it, were typical of those Territorial times.

My father received appointment from the Government as Postmaster, an office held by him for many years. On horseback and with saddle bags, when old enough, I was sent for the mail for the neighborhood, once each week. The settlers would come to our house for their mail. Letters were seldom written, as it cost 25 cents for each letter mailed.

My father was away from home much of the time. In 1833 he was appointed as Deputy United States Surveyor and received a contract for surveying twelve townships bordering on Lake Huron, north of Port Huron, or Fort Gratiot. He fitted out with the usual sun-flower compass, chain, tally-pins, marking iron, axes, and supplies, tents, provisions consisting of pork and beans, dried fruit, sugar, tea, coffee and kits of pails (tin), portable bake oven, flour, etc. His party contained five men besides himself. Among them were his son, Alvin (17), Washington Allen, Harvey Nicholson; the names of the other two I do not remember. A team and wagon were used for conveying the equipment *via* the Fort Gratiot turnpike. The members of the party footed it. At Fort Gratiot, pack ponies were loaded in Indian fashion with all the equipment, except some of the provisions which later were sent for. It was fall, and as matters turned out, only eight of the twelve townships could be subdivided by the following spring,—when flies, mosquitoes, water-covered swamps and marshes put an end to endurance of the hardships encountered.

In the fall of 1834, in September, my father returned to the job to finish it. This time my brother Alvin, myself (16), Harvey Nicholson and one other (name forgotten), besides my father made up the party. Two ponies to a wagon hauled the equipment from Mt. Vernon (our home) through Romeo and Armada to the end of the wagon road. The ponies were unhitched and loaded. A trail was followed until nightfall, when we encamped and had our supper, most of which had been cooked by mother. Just as we were ready to eat, a

stranger on horseback arrived from the East. He seemed to be hesitant about accepting the hospitality extended to him by my father, as if unwilling to entrust himself to the mercy and care of so rough appearing men as we doubtless appeared. However, he did so, and took matters quite comfortably, to his and our pleasure until morning. He gave his name as N. T. Taylor of Port Huron. We struck camp early and journeyed on, reaching Port Huron in the afternoon. Here supplies were purchased, after which we traveled up the lake shore some six miles to Bunker's Sawmill. Here we fortunately found an empty house suited to our needs for supper, lodging (blankets on the floor) and an early breakfast. I was along as cook for the party. As my mother's ready-to-eat provisions were used up I made salt-rising bread and cooked pork and beans, both of which caused me to get up several times in the night to put fuel on the fire as the beans would be all the better for several hours of stewing. Fine weather attended us in our work, and inside of two months the remaining four townships were subdivided. The surveying party returned to Mt. Vernon about the middle of November, having experienced no exciting incidents during the survey.

My father already had an assignment of twelve townships in Wisconsin, and at once began preparations for journeying to the present site of Milwaukee, where the survey would begin. The tract to be surveyed was rectangular, twelve miles wide, and about thirty miles deep from the shore of Lake Michigan, the S. E. corner of it being at Port Washington about thirty-six miles north of Milwaukee. The surveying party of six included my father, his son Alvin, as axman, his son Austin as a chainman, Sylvester Peasley as cook, a man named Hopkins as packer, and another (name not remembered). The two ponies before mentioned, hitched to a light wagon, hauled the equipment. We set out on foot December 1. Our course lay to the south, to Detroit, thirty miles distant from Mt. Vernon, thence *via* the "Chicago Road," westward. It was then the route of the stage coaches

and passenger travel, along which every twelve miles or so were hostelries, inns, mostly of log construction and limited means of entertainment, except in the matter of rum and whisky, of which there seemed to be no lack. Stops at these taverns were scarcely more than five minutes, just long enough for the stage "Jehu" to get a drink and to hitch in fresh horses, when at the crack of the long lash the four-horse team cantered off at full speed. About twelve miles an hour was the speed aimed at. Many horses failed to stand the strain and at many points along the route our party saw the bones of defunct animals by the wayside,—more of them being observed in the passage through Hillsdale County.

After leaving Detroit we passed through Ypsilanti, Salem, Jonesville, Bronson, White Pigeon, Elkhart, Mishawaukee, LaPorte, Michigan City. This last place was booming and those there and arriving seemed to think Michigan City had a great future. To me the most forbidding sight was the sand, mountains of it, the shifting sand blown about by strong winds off the Lake. We found here ample supplies and my father engaged a four-horse team to haul them through to Milwaukee. From Michigan City we journeyed *via* the Lake Michigan shore, making very slow progress, owing to the deep sand. The mouth of the Calumet was crossed without difficulty, on a sand bar. In the afternoon of the third day out from Michigan City our party reached Chicago, where were but few houses, near the mouth of the river. The bridge over the river, a frail structure, was made of long large timber, two lengths on each side, supported in mid-stream by a pier and planked over. It served to carry over safely our four-horse team and heavily laden wagon. Between Chicago and Milwaukee the country was sparsely settled. We arrived at Milwaukee Dec. 25, having journeyed on foot nearly four hundred miles.

"While this survey was in progress my father was sorely disturbed and perplexed on account of the wild closes of

lines, especially in the western portion of the district.[2] In some cases, in running one mile on random lines he would find his intersections to right or left of Post all the way from nothing to as much as 100 links; this too, when the utmost care had been taken, both in running and measuring the lines. The cause was attributed to both decimal variation and local attraction of the compass needle. He gave the subject much thought and study, which culminated the following summer (1835) in the invention and construction of the "Solar Compass." This instrument was first used by my brother, Alvin, in the winter of 1835-36 in the surveying of twelve townships to the south of those in Wisconsin, surveyed the previous winter. Owing to my father's indisposition, he was unable to go himself, so sent his son, Alvin (19) to execute the contract. It was demonstrated on this survey that the "Solar Compass" overcame the difficulties which had been previously experienced, although these were present in the same way, as observations of needle variations indicated.[3]

[2]As the survey in Wisconsin is not likely to interest the Michigan History Magazine readers in the details given by my father I have omitted all but one important matter,—that which concerns William Austin Burt and the Solar Compass invented by him. This is and must remain of much interest to the readers of this Magazine, as the inventor was a Michigan man, and for other reasons, needless to mention in this connection.

[3]Since the survey in question, iron ore has been found in the vicinity of Mayville, Wis., in quantity to warrant the construction and operation of blast furnaces. The beds of hematite ore, doubtless, spread out to the east far enough to cause the local attraction of the solar compass, a patent for which was granted to Wm. A. Burt, Feb. 25, 1836. This instrument has been in use in United States Government surveys ever since and is likely to so continue indefinitely.

[3]Mr. Horace Eldon Burt, 5819 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill., eldest son of the author of the foregoing article is in possession of the original manuscript. He states that his father was born Aug. 19, 1818, at Wales Center, Erie County, N. Y., and died at Detroit, his home for about 41 years on Feb. 18, 1894. He also states that since the surveys of 1834-5, about 30 years ago, iron ore was found in the vicinity of Mayville, Wis., in quantity to warrant the construction and operation of a blast furnace. The beds of hematite ore, doubtless, spread out to the east far enough to cause the local attraction in question. A U. S. patent for the Solar Compass was granted to Wm. A. Burt, Feb. 25, 1836. This instrument has been in use in United States Government surveys ever since and is likely to so continue indefinitely.

Chief Keshkauko

By Brayton Saltonstall
CHARLEVOIX

IN the year 1837 Michigan was admitted to the Union as a State. The survey of the public lands was begun by the Government in 1816 and was practically completed in the lower peninsula in 1840. The southern tier of counties was at that time fully organized and increasing in population and wealth, a population composed of hardy energetic pioneers, a wealth extracted by diligent toil from the fertile soil; but to the north the State was a wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wilder Indians.

The Legislature of 1840, foreseeing a great future for the State, made provision for it by dividing the unorganized portion of the southern peninsula into counties. Sections 27 of act 119 of the session laws of 1840 is as follows: "That portion of the State lying in Towns 33, 34, 35, and 36 north, and west of the line between ranges 3 and 4, shall be laid off as a separate county to be designated as the County of Keshkauko."

This description comprised all of the present county of Charlevoix except the southern tier of townships and more; but for judicial purposes it remained attached to Mackinaw County, where terms of court were provided for on the second Tuesday of July of each year. It may be mentioned that there are now twenty-one fully organized counties in the territory then attached to Mackinaw County, each having four terms of Circuit Court each year.

Keshkauko was a chief of one of the tribes of the Chippewa Indians, and it was perhaps fitting that an Indian name should be given to a county inhabited almost wholly by Indians; but had the Legislature been informed of the unsavory reputation of this dusky rascal, it never would have under-

taken to perpetuate his memory, which in the light of his infamous career and dishonorable death deserved to be relegated to oblivion. However, the disgrace had to be borne for only three years, when by act of the Legislature of 1843 the name Charlevoix was substituted, thus honoring one of the earliest of white men to appreciate the future possibilities of this region; for in his diary, written in 1721, while passing by upon Lake Michigan in his bark canoe, he wrote of it, "Nothing could be more beautiful than the county which separates Lakes Michigan and Huron,"—a justification, if not the origin, from an unprejudiced source of the sentiment expressed in the motto on the great seal of the State of Michigan, "Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice,"—If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look about you.

At the time these acts were passed, and for a long time afterwards, there were few white inhabitants in these new counties, some traders, some missionaries, government employees, sailors and fishermen. The territory was an Ottawa and Chippewa reservation with the tribal relations maintained.

From the earliest discovery of the county by the French the tribe of Saginaw Bay had been distinguished for courage and cruelty. The annals of border warfare tell the story of their ravages as far eastward as the country of the Mohawk. During the Pontiac War, so-called, no tribe was more relentless than this one; and as Keshkauko was of the succeeding generation, he doubtless partook of the revengeful feelings which animated the breasts of his kindred. He was wont to do many things which were not tolerated by the savage code, for code they had.

On one occasion he was rebuked for an inhuman murder and reminded that he had broken the law. He was a ready fellow as well as bold. He had not the benefits of the teaching of Molière's poor fagot vender who extricated himself from a dilemma by his "*Nous avons change tout cela*" (we have changed all that) but Keshkauko's answer was, "I have

altered the law"! Here was no log rolling, no sending committees to organize a third house, no campaign suppers, no subscriptions to local measures to gain particular votes. *"Le Roi le veut"* (the King wills it) that was all, and the astonished Indians meekly acquiesced in that which they had no power to control.

The village of Pontiac was on the great northern trail. Indians were numerous in 1819 and this was their camping ground, but they were seldom troublesome.

Keshkauko sometimes came here. He always had a bodyguard of ten or twelve Indians and neither he nor they would hesitate to kill anyone who offended them, though no such tragedy occurred in Pontiac. They were all friendly, except Keshkauko and his band. They were very abusive. Keshkauko usually passed through here twice a year from Saginaw to Detroit. He would go into any man's house and take whatever he wanted and no one dared to refuse him. He always had a bodyguard of desperate looking Indians. "One day," says the narrator, "when I was not at home Keshkauko stalked in and asked for some whiskey. We had none, he went to the vinegar barrel, and turned the faucet to help himself; but, not finding it to his taste he left it running, took some bread and as he and his guard were leaving the house Keshkauko took his rifle ramrod and whipped Sally our daughter severely.

An early settler relates the following. "In the fall of 1820 the Indian Chief and tyrant of all the Saginaw bands, the dreaded Keshkauko, encamped on our farm, and accompanied by his old men councillors and a bodyguard of armed braves came to the house and demanded to be furnished with two barrels of flour and one of pork, which we did not have. But after a smoke from a pipe of peace (one of which my father had) and a few speeches that were translated by a Mr. Riley, my father freely offered them what the Great Spirit had given us from the Earth, consisting of corn and potatoes and pumpkins then in the field. Keshkauko ordered about twenty

men and squaws to go with Riley and my eldest brother to gather what was necessary to feed them and then proceeded to name my father, calling him 'Pontiac,' and adopted him as a brother, saying our family should belong to his people. This was solemnly confirmed by a shaking of hands by all the old men and every one of the family and by kissing each on the left cheek. After another smoke all round including father, each taking a whiff from the two long-stemmed pipes, one of which was Keshkauko's, both passed around by his pipe-bearer, each of the old men was presented with a plug of tobacco by 'Pontiac,' and the chief with a double portion, and some more for distribution among his braves. Then the solemn council broke up and from that day no member of our family ever lost anything by theft or was treated with any indignity by Indians from the Saginaws, although we became the pioneer settlers of Genessee, Saginaw and Shiawassee counties."

Another witness says: "The first incident of any importance that I recollect was being at Charles Tucker's home one night when the Indian chief Keshkauko came and took Mr. Tucker's horse and wanted Mr. Tucker to give him his gun also. Mr. Tucker refused. Everyone feared an attack from the Indians then and fourteen men stayed at Mr. Tucker's all night. But there was no attack.

Keshkauko was one of the signers of the treaty of Saginaw, by which about six million acres of Michigan land was ceded to the United States. After the negotiations had lasted for several days the treaty was consummated about the middle of the afternoon of the last day. The silver which was to be paid to the Indians upon its completion was counted out upon the table in front of the Commissioner for distribution. The Saginaw chiefs and headmen being largely indebted to Mr. Louis Campau, a trader, for goods furnished by him, had put themselves under a promise to him that he should receive at least fifteen hundred dollars of the amount in satisfaction of his just claims. The Commissioner informed the Indians

that all the money was theirs, and if it was their will that Mr. Campau's debt should be paid first to him, to so signify and it should be done. Three other traders were present with goods for sale and they were by no means pleased to see so large a proportion of the money appropriated. Smith was one of the traders, and urged the turbulent and besotted Keshkauko and his brother to object. They addressed the Commissioner through the interpreter, "We are your children we want our money in our hands." In accordance with this wish the Commissioner directed that the money be paid to them, and Mr. Campau received none of his pay from that fund. To use Mr. Campau's language, "I jumped from the platform and struck Smith two heavy blows in the face. He was smart as a steel trap, and I was not slow, but Louis Beaufait Connor and Barney Campau got between us and stopped the fight. So I lost my money and they cheated me out of a good fight besides. But," continued Mr. Campau, "I had my satisfaction that night. Five barrels of whiskey were opened by the United States quartermaster for the Indians. I ordered ten of mine to be opened and two men to stand with dippers at the open barrels. The Indians drank to fearful excess. At ten o'clock the General sent Major Forsythe to me to say, 'The Indians are getting dangerous; General Cass says to stop the liquor.' I sent word back to him, 'General, you commenced it.' A guard was detailed to surround my door. Soon after, some Indians from the Bay were coming to my store and the guard tried to keep them out with the bayonet. In the scuffle one of the Indians was stabbed in the thigh. The war whoop was given and in fifteen minutes the building containing my store and the General's headquarters was surrounded by excited Indians with tomahawks in their hands, they came from all points.

"General Cass came to the door of his lodgings looking very grotesque, with a red bandanna handkerchief tied about his head, exclaiming, 'Louis! Louis! stop the liquor, Louis.' I said to him, 'General, you commenced it! You let Smith

plunder me and rob me but I will stand between you and all harm.' He called out to me again, 'Louis! Louis! send those Indians to their wigwams.' I said, 'Yes, General, but you commenced it.'" Mr. Campau said in closing, "I lost my money, I lost my fight, I lost my liquor, but I got good satisfaction!"

Reverting again to Keshkauko. A member of this band of this celebrated chief of the Saginaw country had committed some offensive act for which he was brought up before Chief Keshkauko and a jury for trial, somewhere near Saginaw. The offense was said to be capital, and the trial was for life. Keshkauko presided at the trial and the testimony being introduced in due form, the jury found the prisoner not guilty. The chief inquired of the foreman of the jury why they had acquitted the accused. The foreman answered, because he was not guilty according to their law. The prisoner was then sitting surrounded by the jury and covered with a blanket so that he could not see what was going on, this being the usual mode of proceeding. Keshkauko quietly arose, took his tomahawk from under his blanket and drove it down into the head of the prisoner, killing him instantly and saying at the same time with savage energy—"Nind ona-konamawa" (I make a law for him)!

A few years afterwards Keshkauko and a son of his were both tried by an American court in Detroit for the murder of another Indian. They were both convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but they had agreed among themselves that they would die by means of poison and would not be hanged. The day before the one set for his execution three of his wives came down from Saginaw and got permission to visit their husband. They made the visit and went away all tears, and the next morning, Keshkauko was found dead in the jail. The old chief kept his word, took the poison, a vegetable concoction furnished by his wives, and died; the young man's courage failed him and he did not take the poison; he broke

jail and escaped, soon after which a pardon came from President John Quincy Adams and this ended the whole matter.

Keshkauko stood for defiance of law; he defied it in life and cheated it in death and did not deserve to have his memory perpetuated upon the map of this fair State. Charlevoix who succeeded to this honor well deserved it. He stood for reverence and obedience before the laws of God and man. He had taken the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and deserves admiration and imitation because he kept his vows through a long and useful life. Law enforcement is one of the vital problems of today. We may congratulate ourselves that our homes are secure from the raids of insolent law-defying Indians but although Keshkauko is dead his spirit is rampant in the land, crime still goes unpunished through the bewilderment of juries, the fertile cunning and unscrupulous lawyers and politicians. Justice is often a farce, crime is a gamble with the chances for immunity good, so that the law ceases to be a warning to the criminal, it is too often a mockery.

Justice which is not prompt is deprived of its terrors and the culprit who escapes from its clutches contemns its power and defies the community behind it, and the community in turn becomes indifferent to its enforcement. Unless the rising generation is taught to obey the laws, unless public sentiment upholds the officers of the law in its enforcement, we shall be in a worse condition than if Keshkauko were camping on our doorstep.

Read at the annual summer meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society held at Mackinaw City, July 28, 1922.

Harriet Martineau's Travels In and Around Michigan, 1836

OUR traveling party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. L., the before-mentioned Charley, his father and mother and myself. We were prepared to see everything to advantage; for there was strong friendship among us all; and a very unusual agreement of opinion on subjects which education, temperament, or the circumstances of the time, made most interesting to us. The great ornament of the party—our prince of Denmark—was Charley; a boy of uncommon beauty and promise, and fully worthy of the character given him by one of our drivers, with whom the boy had ingratiated himself by his chatter on the box;—"An eternal smart boy, and the greatest hand at talk I ever came across."

We landed at Detroit, from Lake Erie, at seven o'clock in the morning on the 13th of June, 1836. We reached the American just in time for breakfast. At that long table, I had the pleasure of seeing the healthiest set of faces that I had beheld since I left England. The breakfast was excellent, and we were served with much consideration; but the place was so full, and the accommodations of Detroit are so insufficient for the influx of people who are betaking themselves thither, that strangers must patiently put up with much delay and inconvenience till new houses of entertainment are opened. We had to wait till near one o'clock before any of

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From *Society in America*, published in London, 1837. The spelling and punctuation of the original edition have been here retained.

Harriet Martineau was an English author of French Huguenot descent, born in 1802, in Norwich, England. She was one of eight children. The family was poor, and by the death of her father the children were left to shift for themselves; but Harriet's uncle who was a man of culture and considerable means took in charge her education and under his guidance she developed literary ability that led her to attempt to make a living with her pen. She travelled in America in 1834-1836, which gave her material for her charming work, *Society in America*, published in both London and Paris in the year of Michigan's admission to statehood, 1837. The trip through Michigan was made in the heart of the summer, late June and early July.

us could have a room in which to dress; but I had many letters to write, and could wait; and before I had done, Charley came with his shining face and clean collar, to show me that accommodation had been provided. In the afternoon, we saw what we could of the place, and walked by the side of the full and tranquil river St. Clair. The streets of the town are wide and airy; but the houses, churches, and stores, are poor for the capital city of a Territory or State. This is a defect which is presently cured, in the stirring northern regions of the United States. Wooden planks, laid on the grass, form the pavement, in all the outskirts of the place. The deficiency is of stone, not of labour. Thousands of settlers are pouring in every year; and of these, many are Irish, Germans, or Dutch, working their way into the back country, and glad to be employed for a while at Detroit, to earn money to carry them further. Paving-stones will be imported here, I suppose, as I saw them at New Orleans, to the great improvement of the health and comfort of the place. The block-wood pavement, of which trial has been made in a part of Broadway, New York, is thought likely to answer better at Detroit than any other kind, and is going to be tried.

The country round Detroit is as flat as can be imagined; and, indeed, it is said that the highest mountain in the State boasts only sixty feet of elevation. A lady of Detroit once declared, that if she were to build a house in Michigan, she would build a hill first. The Canada side of the river looks dull enough from the city; but I cannot speak from a near view of it, having been disappointed in my attempts to get over to it. On one occasion, we were too late for the ferry-boat; and we never had time again for the excursion.

A cool wind from the northern lakes blows over the whole face of the country, in the midst of the hottest days of summer; and in the depth of winter, the snow never lies deep, nor long. These circumstances may partly account for the healthiness of the row of faces at the table of the American.

The society of Detroit is very choice; and, as it has continued so since the old colonial days, through the territorial days, there is every reason to think that it will become, under its new dignities, a more and more desirable place of residence. Some of its inferior society is still very youthful; a gentleman, for instance, saying in the reading room, in the hearing of one of our party, that, though it did not sound well at a distance, Lynching* was the way to treat Abolitionists: but most enlightened society is, I believe, equal to any which is to be found in the United States. Here we began to see some of the half-breeds, of whom we afterwards met so many at the north. They are the children of white men who have married squaws; and may be known at a glance, not only by the dark complexion, but by the high cheekbones, straight black hair, and an indescribable mischievous expression about the eyes. I never saw such imps and Flibbertigibbets as the half-breed boys that we used to see rowing or diving in the waters, or playing pranks on the shores of Michigan.

We had two great pleasures this day; a drive along the quiet Lake St. Clair, and a charming evening party at General Mason's. After a pilgrimage through the State of New York, a few exciting days at Niagara, and a disagreeable voyage along Lake Erie, we were prepared to enjoy to the utmost the novelty of a good evening party; and we were as merry as children at a ball. It was wholly unexpected to find ourselves in accomplished society on the far side of Lake Erie; and there was something stimulating in the contrast between the high civilisation of the evening, and the primitive scenes that we were to plunge into the next day. Though we had to pack up and write, and be off very early in the morning,

*It is possible that this term may not yet be familiar to some of my English readers. It means summary punishment. The modes now in use among those who take the law into their own hands in the United States, are tarring and feathering, scourging with a cow-hide, banishing, and hanging. The term owes its derivation to a farmer of the name of Lynch, living on the Mississippi, who, in the absence of court and lawyers, constituted himself a judge, and ordered summary punishment to be inflicted on an offender. He little foresaw the national disgrace which would arise from the extension of the practice to which he gave his name.

we were unable to persuade ourselves to go home till late; and then we talked over Detroit as if we were wholly at leisure.

The scenery of Lake St. Clair was new to me. I had seen nothing in the United States like its level green banks, with trees slanting over the water, festooned with the wild vine; the groups of cattle beneath them; the distant steam-boat, scarcely seeming to disturb the grey surface of the still waters. This was the first of many scenes in Michigan which made me think of Holland; though the day of canals has not yet arrived.

15th. An obliging girl at the American provided us with coffee and biscuits at half-past five, by which time our "exclusive extra" was at the door. Charley had lost his cap. It was impossible that he should go bare-headed through the State; and it was lucky for us that a store was already open where he was furnished in a trice with a willow-hat. The brimming river was bright in the morning sun; and our road was, for a mile or two, thronged with Indians. Some of the inhabitants of Detroit, who knew the most about their dark neighbours, told me that they found it impossible to be romantic about these poor creatures. We, however, could not help feeling the excitement of the spectacle, when we saw them standing in their singularly majestic attitudes by the road-side, or on a rising ground: one, with a bunch of feathers tied at the back of the head; another, with his arms folded in his blanket; and a third, with her infant lashed to a board, and thus carried on her shoulders. Their appearance was dreadfully squalid.

As soon as we had entered the woods, the roads became as bad as, I suppose, roads ever are. Something snapped, and the driver cried out that we were "broke to bits." The team-bolt had given way. Our gentlemen, and those of the mail-stage, which happened to be at hand, helped to mend the coach; and we ladies walked on, gathering abundance of flowers, and picking our way along the swampy corduroy

road. In less than an hour; the stage took us up, and no more accidents happened before breakfast. We were abundantly amused while our meal was preparing at Danversville. One of the passengers of the mail-stage took up a violin, and offered to play to us. Books with pictures were lying about. The lady of the house sat by the window, fixing her candle-wicks into the moulds. In the piazza, sat a party of emigrants, who interested us much. The wife had her eight children with her; the youngest, puny twins. She said she had brought them in a wagon four hundred miles; and if they could only live through the one hundred that remained before they reached her husband's lot of land, she hoped they might thrive; but she had been robbed, the day before, of her bundle of baby things. Some one had stolen it from the wagon. After a good meal, we saw the stage-passengers stowed into a lumber wagon; and we presently followed in our more comfortable vehicle.

Before long, something else snapped. The splinter-bar was broken. The driver was mortified; but it was no fault of his. Juggernaut's car would have been "broke to bits" on such a road. We went into a settler's house, where we were welcomed to rest and refresh ourselves. Three years before, the owner bought his eighty acres of land for a dollar an acre. He could now sell it for twenty dollars an acre. He shot last year, a hundred deer, and sold them for three dollars a-piece. He and his family need have no fears of poverty. We dined well, nine miles before reaching Ypsilanti. The log-houses,—always comfortable when well made, being easily kept clean, cool in summer, and warm in winter,—have here an air of beauty about them. The hue always harmonizes well with the soil and vegetation. Those in Michigan have the bark left on, and the corners sawn off close; and are thus both picturesque and neat.

At Ypsilanti I picked up an Ann Arbor newspaper. It was badly printed; but its contents were pretty good; and it could happen nowhere out of America, that so raw a settle-

ment as that at Ann Arbor, where there is difficulty in procuring decent accommodations, should have a newspaper.

It was past seven before we left the inn at Ypsilanti, to go thirteen miles further. We departed on foot. There was a bridge building at Ypsilanti; but, till it was ready, all vehicles had to go a mile down the water-side to the ferry, while the passengers generally preferred crossing the foot-bridge, and walking on through the wood. We found in our path, lupins, wild geraniums, blue-eye grass, blue iris, wild sun-flower, and many others. The mild summer night was delicious, after the fatigues of the day. I saw the youngest of golden moons, and two bright stars set, before we reached Wallace's Tavern, where we were to sleep. Of course, we were told that there was no room for us; but, by a little coaxing and management, and one of the party consenting to sleep on the parlour-floor, everything was made easy.

16th. We were off by half-past six; and, not having rested quite enough, and having the prospect of fourteen miles before breakfast, we with one accord, finished our sleep in the stage. We reached Tecumseh by half-past nine, and perceived that its characteristic was chair-making. Every other house seemed to be a chair manufactory. One bore the inscription, "Cousin George's Store:" the meaning of which I do not pretend to furnish. Perhaps the idea is, that purchasers may feel free and easy, as if dealing with cousin George. Everybody has a cousin George. Elsewhere, we saw a little hotel inscribed, "Our House;" a prettier sign than "Traveller's Rest," or any other such tempting invitation that I am acquainted with. At Tecumseh, I saw the first strawberries of the season. All that I tasted in Michigan, of prairie growth, were superior to those of the west, grown in gardens.

Charley was delighted today by the sight of several spotted fawns, tamed by children. If a fawn be carried a hundred yards from its bush, it will follow the finder, and remain with him, if kindly treated. They are prettiest when very young, as they afterwards lose their spots.

We fairly entered the "rolling country" today: and nothing could be brighter and more flourishing than it looked. The young corn was coming up well in the settler's fields. The copses, called "Oak-openings," looked fresh after the passing thunder-showers; and so did the rising grounds, strewed with wild flowers and strawberries. "The little hills rejoiced on every side." The ponds, gleaming between the hills and copses, gave a park-like air to the scenery. The settlers leave trees in their clearings; and from these come the song of wood-thrush; and from the dells the cry of the quail. There seemed to be a gay wood-pecker to every tree.

Our only accident to-day was driving over a poor hog: we can only hope it died soon. Wherever we stopped, we found that crowds of emigrants had eaten up all the eggs; and we happened to think eggs the best article of diet of all on a journey. It occurred to me that we might get some by the way, and carry them on to our resting place. All agreed that we might probably procure them: but how to carry them safely over such roads was the question. This day we resolved to try. We made a solemn stir for eggs in a small settlement; and procured a dozen. We each carried one in each hand,—except Charley, who was too young to be trusted. His two were wrapped up each in a bag. During eight miles of jolting, not one was hurt; and we delivered them to our host at Jonesville with much satisfaction. We wished that some of our entertainers had been as rich as a Frenchman at Baltimore, who, talking of his poultry-yard, informed a friend that he had "fifty head of hen."

At Jonesville, the ladies and Charley were favoured with a large and comfortable chamber. The gentlemen had to sleep with the multitude below; ranged like walking-sticks, or umbrellas, on a shopcounter.

17th. The road was more deplorable than ever today. The worst of it was, that whenever it was dangerous for the carriage, so that we were obliged to get out, it was, in proportion, difficult to be passed on foot. It was amusing to

see us in such passes as we had to go through to-day. I generally acted as pioneer, the gentlemen having their ladies to assist; and it was pleasant to stand on some dry perch, and watch my companions through the holes and pools that I had passed. Such hopping and jumping; such slipping and sliding; such looks of despair from the middle of a pond; such shifting of logs, and carrying of planks, and handing along the fallen trunks of trees! The driver, meantime, was looking back provokingly from his box, having dragged the carriage through; and far behind stood Charley, high and dry, singing or eating his bit of bread, till his father could come back for him. Three times this day was such a scene enacted; and, the third time there was a party of emigrant ladies to be assisted, too. When it was all over, and I saw one with her entire feet encased in mud, I concluded we must all be very wet, and looked at my own shoes: and lo! even the soles were as dry as when they were made! How little the worst troubles of travelling amount to, in proportion to the apprehension of them! What a world of anxiety do travellers suffer lest they should get wet, or be without food! How many really faint with hunger, or fall into an ague with damp and cold? I was never in danger of either the one or the other, in any of the twenty-three States which I visited.

At one part of our journey to-day, where the road was absolutely impassable, we went above a mile through the wood, where there was no track, but where the trees are blazed, to serve as guide-posts, summer and winter. It was very wild. Our carriage twisted and wound about to avoid blows against the noble beech-stems. The waters of the swamp plashed under our wheels, and the boughs crunched overhead. An overturn would have been a disaster in such a place. We travelled only forty-two miles this long day; but the weariness of the way was much beguiled by singing, by a mock oration, story-telling, and other such amusements. The wit and humour of Americans, abundant under ordinary circumstances, are never, I believe, known to fail in emergencies,

serious or trifling. Their humour helps themselves and their visitors through any Sloughs of Despond, as charitably as their infinite abundance of logs through the swamps of their bad roads.

We did not reach Sturgis's Prairie till night. We had heard so poor an account of the stage-house, that we proceeded to another, whose owner has the reputation of treating his guests magnificently, or not at all. He treated us on *juste milieu* principles. He did what he could for us; and that could not be called magnificent. The house was crowded with emigrants. When, after three hours waiting, we had supper, two full-grown persons were asleep on some blankets in the corner of the room, and as many as fifteen or sixteen children on chairs and on the floor. Our hearts ached for one mother. Her little girl, two years old, had either sprained or broken her arm, and the mother did not know what to do with it. The child shrieked when the arm was touched, and wailed mournfully at other times. We found in the morning however, that she had had some sleep. I have often wondered since how she bore the motion of the wagon on the worst parts of the road. It was oppressively hot. I had a little closet, whose door would not shut, and which was too small to give me room to take off the soft feather-bed. The window would not keep open without being propped by the tin water-jug; and though this was done, I could not sleep for the heat. This reminds me of the considerate kindness of an hotel-keeper in an earlier stage of our journey. When he found that I wished to have my window open, there being no fastening, he told me he would bring his own tooth-brush for a prop,—which he accordingly did.

18th. Our drive of twelve miles to breakfast was very refreshing. The roads were the best we had travelled since we left New York state. We passed through a wilderness of flowers; trailing roses, enormous white convolvulus, scarlet lilies, and ground-ivy, with many others, being added to those we had before seen. Milton must have travelled in Michigan

before he wrote the garden parts of "Paradise Lost." Sturgis's and White Pigeon Prairies are highly cultivated, and look just like any other rich and perfectly level land. We breakfasted at White Pigeon Prairie, and saw the rising ground where the Indian chief lies buried, whose name has been given to the place.

The charms of the settlement, to us, were a kind landlady, an admirable breakfast, at which eggs abounded, and a blooming garden. Thirty-seven miles further brought us to Niles, where we arrived by five in the afternoon. The roads were so much improved that we had not to walk at all; which was well, as there was much pelting rain during the day.

Niles is a thriving town on the river St. Joseph, on the borders of Potowatomie territory. Three years ago, it consisted of three houses. We could not learn the present number of inhabitants; probably because the number is never the same two days together. A Potowatomie village stands within a mile; and we saw two Indians on horse-back, fording the rapid river very majestically, and ascending the wooded hills on the other side. Many Indian women were about the streets; one with a nose-ring; some with plates of silver on the bosom, and other barbaric ornaments. Such a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, with a deluge of rain, that we were prevented seeing anything of the place, except from our windows. I had sent my boots to a cobbler, over the way. He had to put on India rubbers, which reached above the knee, to bring his work home; the street was so flooded. We little imagined for the hour the real extent and violence of this storm, and the effect it would have on our journeying.

The prairie strawberries, at breakfast this morning, were so large, sweet, and ripe, that we were inclined for more in the course of the day. Many of the children of the settlers were dispersed near the road-side, with their baskets, gathering strawberries; they would not sell any; they did not know what mother would say if they went home without any berries

for father. But they could get enough for father, too, they were told, if they would sell us what they had already gathered. No; they did not want to sell. Our driver observed, that money was "no object to them." I began to think that we had, at last, got to the end of the world; or rather, perhaps, to the beginning of another and a better.

19th. No plan could be more cleverly and confidently laid than ours was for this day's journey. We were to travel through the lands of the Potowatomies, and reach the shores of the glorious Lake Michigan, at Michigan City, in time for an early supper. We were to proceed on the morrow round the southern extremity of the lake, so as, if possible, to reach Chicago in one day. It was wisely and prettily planned: and the plan was so far followed, as that we actually did leave Niles some time before six in the morning. Within three minutes, it began to rain again, and continued, with but few and short intervals, all day.

We crossed the St. Joseph by a rope ferry, the ingenious management of which, when stage-coaches had to be carried over, was a perpetual study to me. The effect of crossing a a rapid river by a rope-ferry, by torch-light, in a dark night, is very striking; and not the less so for one's becoming familiarized with it, as the traveller does in the United States. As we drove up the steep bank, we found ourselves in the Indian territory. All was very wild; and the more so for the rain. There were many lodges in the glades, with the red light of fires hanging around them. The few log huts looked drenched; the tree-stems black in the wet; and the very wild flowers were dripping. The soil was sandy; so that the ugliest features of a rainy day, the mud and puddles, were obviated. The sand sucked up the rain, so that we jumped out of the carriage as often as a wild-flower of peculiar beauty tempted us. The bride-like, white convolvulus, nearly as large as my hand, grew in trails all over the ground.

The poor, helpless, squalid Potowatomies are sadly troubled by squatters. It seems hard enough that they should be re-

stricted within a narrow territory, so surrounded by whites that the game is sure soon to disappear, and leave them stripped of their only resource. It is too hard that they should also be encroached upon by men who sit down, without leave or title, upon lands which are not intended for sale. I enjoyed hearing of an occasional alarm among the squatters, caused by some threatening demonstrations by the Indians. I should like to see every squatter frightened away from Indian lands, however advantageous their squatting may be upon lands which are unclaimed, or whose owners can defend their own property. I was glad to hear today that a deputation of Potowatomies had been sent to visit a distant warlike tribe, in consequence of the importunities of squatters, who wanted to buy the land they had been living upon. The deputation returned, painted, and under other hostile signals, and declared that the Potomatomies did not intend to part with their lands. We stopped for some milk, this morning, at the "location" of a squatter, whose wife was milking as we passed. The gigantic personage, her husband, told us how anxious he was to pay for the land which repaid his tillage so well; but that his Indian neighbours would not sell. I hope that, by this time, he has had to remove, and leave them the benefit of his house and fences. Such an establishment in the wild woods is the destruction of the game,—and of those who live upon it.

At breakfast, we saw a fine specimen of a settler's family. We had observed the prosperity and cheerfulness of the settlers, all along the road; but this family exceeded the best. I never saw such an affectionate set of people. They, like many others, were from one of the southern states: and I was not surprised to find all emigrants from North and South Carolina well satisfied with the change they had made. The old lady seemed to enjoy her pipe, and there was much mirth going on between the beautiful daughter and all the other men and maidens. They gave us an excellent breakfast in one of the two lower rooms; the table being placed across

the foot of the two beds. No pains were spared by them to save us from the wet in the stage; but the rain was too pelting and penetrating for any defense to avail long. It streamed in at all corners, and we gave the matter up for the day. We were now entering Indiana; and one of our intentions had been to see the celebrated Door Prairie; so called from exquisite views into it being opened through intervals in the growth of wood with which it is belted. I did obtain something like an idea of it through the reeking rain, and thought that it was the first prairie that I had seen that answered to my idea of one. But I dare say we formed no conception of what it must be in sunshine, and with the cloud shadows, which adorn a prairie as they do still water.

We reached Laporte, on the edge of the Door Prairie, at three o'clock, and were told that the weather did not promise an easy access to Michigan City. We changed horses, however, and set forward again on a very bad road, along the shore of a little lake, which must be pretty in fine weather. Then we entered a wood, and jolted and rocked from side to side, till, at last, the carriage leaned three parts over, and stuck. We all jumped out into the rain, and the gentlemen literally put their shoulders to the wheel, and lifted it out of its hole. The same little incident was repeated in half an hour. At five or six miles from Laporte, and seven from Michigan City, our driver stopped, and held a long parley with somebody by the road side. The news was that a bridge in the middle of a marsh had been carried away by a tremendous freshet; and with how much log-road on either side, could not be ascertained till the water should subside. The mails, however, would have to be carried over, by some means, the next day; and we must wait where we were till we could profit by the post-office experiment. The next question was, where were we to be harboured? There was no house of entertainment near. We shrank from going back to Laporte over the perilous road which was growing worse every minute. A family lived at hand, who hospitably offered to

receive us; and we were only too ready to accept their kindness. The good man stopped our acknowledgments by saying, in the most cheerful manner, "You know you would not have staid with me, if you could have helped it; and I would not have had you, if I could have helped it; so no more words about it; but let us make ourselves comfortable."

We perceived by a glance at the beard and costume of our host, that there was something remarkable about him. He was of the Tunker sect of Baptists (from Tunken, to dip,) a very peculiar sect of religionists. He explained, without any reserve, his faith, and the reason on which it was founded.

It was all interesting, as showing how the true and the fanciful, the principle and the emblem, the eternal truth and the supposed type, may become all mixed together, so as to be received alike as articles of faith. This man might almost compare with Origen in his mystical divinations of scripture. The most profitable and delightful part of his communication related to the operation upon his life and fortunes of his peace principles. He had gone through life on the non-resistance principle; and it was animating to learn how well it had served him; as every high exercise of faith does serve every one who has strength and simplicity of heart to commit himself to it. It was animating to learn, not only his own consistency, but the force of his moral power over others; how the careless had been won to thoughtfulness of his interests, and the criminal to respect of his rights. He seemed to have unconsciously secured the promise and the fruit of the life that now is, more effectually than many who think less of that which is to come. It was done, he said, by always supposing that the good was in men. His wife won our hearts by the beauty of her countenance, set off by the neat plain dress of her sect. She was ill; but they made us thoroughly comfortable, without apparently discomposing themselves. Sixteen out of seventeen children were living; of whom two sons and five daughters were absent, and six sons and three daughters at home: the youngest was three years old.

Their estate consists of eight hundred acres, a large portion of which is not yet broken up. The owner says he walks over the ground once a year, to see the huckleberries grow. He gave the upset price for the land; a dollar and a-quarter an acre. He is now offered forty dollars an acre, and says the land is worth fifty, its situation being very advantageous; but he does not wish to sell. He has thus become worth 40,000 dollars in the three years which have elapsed since he came out of Ohio. His sons, as they grow up, settle at a distance; and he does not want money, and has no inducement to sell. I have no idea, however, that the huckleberries will be long permitted to grow in peace and quiet, in so busy a district as this is destined to become. The good man will be constrained by the march and pressure of circumstances, either to sell or cultivate.

The house, log-built, consisted of three rooms; two under one roof; and another apparently added afterwards. There were also out-houses. In one of these three rooms, the cooking and eating went on; another was given up to us ladies, with a few of the little children; and in the other, the rest of the family, the gentlemen of our party, and another weather-bound traveller, slept. Huge fires of logs blazed in the chimneys; two or three of the little ones were offered us as hand-maidens; and the entire abode was as clean as could be conceived. Here was comfort!

As we warmed and dried ourselves in the chimney corners, and looked upon the clear windows, the bright tin water-pails, and the sheets and towels as white as snow, we had only one anxiety. It was necessary for Mr. and Mrs. L. to be at home, a thousand miles off, by a particular day. We had already met with some delays; and there was no seeing the end of the present adventure. There was some doubt whether we should not have done better to cross the southern end of Lake Michigan from Niles to Chicago, by a little steam-boat, the Delaware, which was to leave Niles a few hours after our stage. It had been thought of at Niles; but there

was some uncertainty about the departure of the boat; and we all anxiously desired to skirt the extremity of this great inland sea, and to see the new settlements on its shores. Had we done right in incurring this risk of detention? Right or wrong, here we were; and here we must wait upon events.

Our sleep, amid the luxury of cleanliness and hospitality, was most refreshing. The next morning it was still raining, but less vehemently. After breakfast, we ladies employed ourselves in sweeping and dusting our room, and making the beds; as we had given our kind hostess too much trouble already. Then there was a Michigan City newspaper to be read; and I sat down to write letters. Before long a wagon and four drove up to the door, the driver cried out that if there was any getting to Michigan City, he was our man. We equipped ourselves in our warmest and thickest clothing, put on our india rubber shoes, packed ourselves and our luggage in the wagon, put up our umbrellas, and wondered what was to be our fate. When it had come to saying farewell, our hostess put her hands on my shoulders, kissed me on each cheek, and said she had hoped for the pleasure of our company for another day. For my own part, I would willingly take her at her word, if my destiny should ever carry me near the great lakes again.

We jolted on for two miles and a half through the woods, admiring the scarlet lilies, and the pink and white moccasin flower, which was brilliant. Then we arrived at the place of the vanished bridge. Our first prospect was of being paddled over, one by one, in the smallest of boats. But, when the capabilities of the place were examined, it was decided that we should wait in a house on the hill while the neighbors, the passengers of the mail-stage, and the drivers, built a bridge. We waited patiently for nearly three hours, watching the busy men going in and out, gathering tidings of the freshet, and its effects, and being pleased to see how affectionate the woman of the house was to her husband, while she was cross to everybody else. It must have been vexatious to her to

have her floor made wet and dirty, and all her household operations disturbed by a dozen strangers whom she had never invited. She let us have some doughnuts, and gave us a gracious glance or two at parting.

We learned that a gentleman who followed us from Niles, the preceding day, found the water nine feet deep, and was near drowning his horses, in a place which we had crossed without difficulty. This very morning a bridge which we had proved and passed, gave way with the stage, and the horses had to be dug and rolled out of the mud, when they were on the point of suffocation. Such a freshet had never been known to the present inhabitants.

Our driver was an original; and so were some of the other muddy gentlemen who came in to dry themselves, after their bridge making. One asked if such an one was not a "smart fellow." "He! can't see through a ladder." Our driver informed us, "when they send a man to jail here, they put him abroad into the woods. Only, they set a man after him, that they may know where he is." A pretty expensive method of imprisonment, though there be no bills for jail building. This man conversed with his horses in much the same style as with us, averring they understood him as well. On one occasion, he boxed the ears of one of the leaders, for not standing still when bidden, declaring, "If you go on doing so, I'll give you something you can't buy at the grocer's shop." I was not before aware that there was anything that was not to be bought at a back-country grocer's shop.

At half-past two, the bridge was announced complete, and we re-entered our wagon to lead the cavalcade across it. Slowly, anxiously, with a man at the head of each leader, we entered the water, and saw it rise to the nave of the wheels. Instead of jolting, as usual, we mounted and descended each log individually. The mail-wagon followed, with two or three horsemen. There was also a singularly benevolent personage, who jumped from the other wagon, and waded through all the doubtful places, to prove them. He leaped

and splashed through the water, which was sometimes up to his waist, as if it was the most agreeable sport in the world. In one of these gullies, the fore part of our wagon sank and stuck, so as to throw us forward, and make it doubtful in what mode we should emerge from the water. Then the rim of one of the wheels was found to be loose; and the whole cavalcade stopped till it was mended. I never could understand how wagons were made in the back-country; they seemed to be elastic, from the shocks and twisting they would bear without giving way. To form an accurate idea of what they have to bear, a traveller should sit on a seat without springs, placed between the hind wheels, and thus proceed on a corduroy road. The effect is less fatiguing and more amusing, of riding in a wagon whose seats are on springs, while the vehicle itself is not. In that case, the feet are dancing an involuntary jig, all the way; while the rest of the body is in a state of entire repose.

The drive was so exciting and pleasant, the rain having ceased that I was taken by surprise by our arrival at Michigan City. The driver announced our approach by a series of flourishes on one note of his common horn, which made the most ludicrous music I ever listened to. How many minutes he went on, I dare not say; but we were so convulsed with laughter that we could not alight with becoming gravity, amidst the groups in the piazza of the hotel. The man must be first cousin to Paganini.

Such a city as this was surely never before seen. It is three years since it was begun; and it is said to have one thousand five hundred inhabitants. It is cut out of the forest, and curiously interspersed with little swamps, which we no doubt saw in their worst condition after the heavy rains. New, good houses, some only half finished, stood in the midst of the thick wood. A large area was half cleared. The finished stores were scattered about; and the streets were littered with stumps. The situation is beautiful. The undulations of the ground, within and about it, and its being closed in by lake or

forest on every side, rendered it unique. An appropriation has been made by Government for a harbour; and two piers are to be built out beyond the sand, as far as the clay soil of the lake. Mr. L— and I were anxious to see the mighty fresh water sea. We made inquiry in the piazza; and a sandy hill close by, covered with the pea vine, was pointed out to us. We ran up it, and there beheld what we had come so far to see. There it was, deep, green, and swelling on the horizon, and whitening into a broad and heavy surf as it rolled in towards the shore. Hence, too, we could make out the geography of the city. The whole scene stands insulated in my memory, as absolutely singular; and, at this distance of time, scarcely credible. I was so well aware on the spot that it would be so, that I made careful and copious notes of what I saw: but memoranda have nothing to do with such emotions as were caused by the sight of that enormous body of tumultuous waters, rolling in apparently upon the helpless forest,—everywhere else so majestic.

The day was damp and chilly, as we were told every day is here. There is scarcely ever a day of summer in which fire is not acceptable. The windows were dim, the metals rusted, and the new wood about the house red with damp. We could not have a fire. The storm had thrown down a chimney; and the house was too full of workmen, providing accommodations for future guests, to allow of the comfort of those present being much attended to. We were permitted to sit round a flue in a chamber, where a remarkably pretty and graceful girl was sewing. She has a widowed mother to support, and she "gets considerable" by sewing here, where the women lead a bustling life, which leaves no time for the needle. We had to wait long for something to eat; that is, till supper time; for the people are too busy to serve up anything between meals. Two little girls brought a music book, and sang to us; and then we sang to them; and then Dr. F. brought me two harebells,—one of the rarest flowers in the country. I found some at Trenton Falls; and in one or two

other rocky and sandy places; but so seldom as to make a solitary one a great treasure.

Our supper of young pork, good bread, potatoes, preserves, and tea, was served at two tables, where the gentlemen were in proportion to the ladies as ten to one. In such places, there is a large proportion of young men who are to go back for wives when they have gathered a few other comforts about them. The appearance of health was as striking as at Detroit, and everywhere on this side of Lake Erie.

Immediately after supper we went for a walk, which, in peculiarity, comes next to that in the Mammoth Cave; if, indeed, it be second to it. The scene was like what I had always fancied the Norway coast, but for the wild flowers, which grew among the pines on the slope, almost into the tide. I longed to spend an entire day on this flowery and shadowy margin of the inland sea. I plucked handfuls of pea-vine and other trailing flowers, which seemed to run over all the ground. We found on the sands an army, like Pharaoh's drowned host, of disabled butterflies, beetles, and flies of the richest colours and lustre, driven over the lake by the storm. Charley found a small turtle alive. An elegant little schooner, "the Sea Serpent of Chicago," was stranded, and formed a beautiful object as she lay dark between the sand and the surf. The sun was going down. We watched the sunset, not remembering that the refraction above the fresh waters would probably cause some remarkable appearance. We looked at one another in amazement at what we saw. First, there were three gray, inverted rainbows between the water and the sun, then hidden behind a little streak of cloud. Then the sun emerged from behind this only cloud, urn-shaped; a glistering golden urn. Then it changed, rather suddenly, to an enormous golden acorn. Then to a precise resemblance, except being prodigiously magnified, of Saturn with his ring. This was the most beautiful apparition of all. Then it was quickly narrowed and elongated till it was like the shaft of a golden pillar; and thus it went down square. Long after its disappearance,

a lustrous, deep crimson dome, seemingly solid, rested steadily on the heaving waters. An inexperienced navigator might be pardoned for making all sail towards it; it looked so real. What do the Indians think of such phenomena? Probably as the child does of the compass, the upas tree, and all the marvels of Madame Genlis' story of Alphonso and Dalinda; that such things are no more wonderful than all other things. The age of wonder from natural appearances has not arrived in children and savages. It is one of the privileges of advancing years. A grave Indian, who could look with apathy upon the cataract and all the tremendous shows of the wilderness, found himself in a glass-house at Pittsburg. He saw a glass-blower put a handle upon a pitcher. The savage was transported out of his previous silence and reserve. He seized and grasped the hand of the workman, crying out that it was now plain that he had had intercourse with the Great Spirit. I remember in my childhood, being more struck with seeing a square box made in three minutes out of a piece of writing-paper, than with all that I read about the loadstone and the lunar influence upon the tides. In those days I should have looked upon this Indiana sunset with the same kind of feeling as upon a cloud which might look "very like a whale."

We walked briskly home beside the skiey sea, with the half-grown moon above us, riding high. Then came the struggling for room to lie down, for sheets and fresh water. The principal range of chambers could have been of no manner of use to us, in their present state. There were, I think, thirty, in one range alo g a passage. A small bed stood in the middle of each, made up for use; but the walls were as yet only scantily lathed, without any plaster; so that everything was visible along the whole row. They must have been designed for persons who cannot see through a ladder.

When I arose at daybreak, I found myself stiff with cold. No wonder: the window, close to my head, had lost a pane. I think the business of perambulating glazier might be a very profitable one, in most parts of the United States. When we

seated ourselves in our wagon, we found that the leathern cushions were soaked with wet; like so many sponges. They were taken in to a hot fire, and soon brought out, each sending up a cloud of steam. Blankets were furnished to lay over them; and we set off. We were cruelly jolted through the bright dewy woods, for four miles, and then arrived on the borders of a swamp where the bridge had been carried away. A man waded in; declared the depth to be more than six feet; how much more he could not tell. There was nothing to be done but to go back. Back again we jolted, and arrived at the piazza of the hotel just as the breakfast-bell was ringing. All the "force" that could be collected on a hasty summons,—that is, almost every able-bodied man in the city and neighbourhood, was sent out with axes to build us a bridge. We breakfasted, gathered and dried flowers, and wandered about till ten o'clock, when we were summoned to try our fortune again in the wagon. Part of the "force" was engaged on our side of the swamp, and part on the other. As we sat under the trees, making garlands and wreaths of flowers and oak-leaves for Charley, we could see one lofty tree-top after another, in the opposite forest, tremble and fall; and the workmen cluster about it, like bees, lop off its branches, and, in a trice, roll it, an ugly log, into the water, and pin it down upon the sleepers. Charley was as busy as anybody, making islands in the water at the edge of the marsh. The moccasin flower grew here in great profusion and splendour. We sat thus upwards of two hours; and the work done in that time appeared almost incredible. But the Americans in the back country seem to like the repairing of accidents—a social employment—better than their regular labour; and even the drivers appeared to prefer adventurous travelling to easy journeys. A gentleman in a light gig made the first trial of the new bridge: our wagon followed, plunging and rocking, and we scrambled in safety up the opposite bank.

There were other bad places in the road, but none which occasioned further delay. The next singular scene was an expanse

of sand, before reaching the lake-shore,—sand, so extensive, hot, and dazzling, as to release very fairly one's conceptions of the middle of the Great Desert; except for the trailing roses which skirted it. I walked on, a-head of the whole party, till I had lost sight of them behind some low sand-hills. Other such hills hid the lake from me; and, indeed, I did not know how near it was. I had ploughed my way through the ankle-deep sand till I was much heated, and turned in hope of meeting a breath of wind. At the moment, the cavalcade came slowly into view from behind the hills; the labouring horses, the listless walkers, and smoothly rolling vehicle, all painted absolutely black against the dazzling sand. It was as good as being in Arabia. For cavalcade, one might read caravan. Then the horses were watered at a single house on the beach; and we proceeded on the best part of our day's journey; a ride of seven miles on the hard sand of the beach, actually in the lapsing waves. We saw another vessel ashore, with her cargo piled upon the beach. The sight of the clear waters suggested thoughts of bathing. Charley dearly loves bathing. He follows the very natural practice of expressing himself in abstract propositions when his emotions are the strongest. He heard the speculations on the facilities of bathing which might offer at our resting-place; and besought his mother to let him bathe. He was told that it was doubtful whether we should reach our destination before sunset, and whether any body would be able to try the water. Might he ask his father? —Yes: but would find his father no more certain than the rest of us. "Mother," cried the boy, in an agony of earnestness, "does not a father know when his child ought to bathe?" —There was no bathing. The sun had set, and it was too cold.

The single house at which we were to stop for the night, while the mail-wagon, with its passengers, proceeded, promised well, at first sight. It was a log-house on a sand-bank, perfectly clean below stairs, and prettily dressed with green boughs. We had a good supper, (except that there was an absence of milk,) and we concluded ourselves fortunate in our

resting-place. Never was there a greater mistake. We walked out, after supper, and when we returned, found that we could not have any portion of the lower rooms. There was a loft, which I will not describe, into which, having ascended a ladder, we were to be all stowed. I would fain have slept on the soft sand, out of doors, beneath the wagon; but rain came on. There was no place for us to put our heads into but the loft. Enough. I will only say that this house was, as far as I remember, the only place in the United States where I met with bad treatment. Everywhere else, people gave me the best they had,—whether it was bad or good.

On our road to Chicago, the next day,—a road winding in and out among the sand-hills, we were called to alight, and run up a bank to see a wreck. It was the wreck of the Delaware;—the steamer in which it had been a question whether we should not proceed from Niles to Chicago. She had a singular twist in her middle, where she was nearly broken in two. Her passengers stood up to the neck in water, for twenty-four hours before they were taken off; a worse inconvenience than any that we had suffered by coming the other way. The first thing the passengers from the Delaware did, when they had dried and warmed themselves on shore, was to sign a letter to the captain, which appeared in all the neighbouring newspapers, thanking him for the great comfort they had enjoyed on board his vessel. It is to be presumed that they meant previously to their having to stand up to their necks in water.

In the wood which borders the prairie on which Chicago stands, we saw an encampment of United States' troops. Since the rising of the Creeks in Georgia, some months before, there had been apprehensions of an Indian war along the whole frontier. It was believed that a correspondence had taken place among all the tribes, from the Cumanches, who were engaged to fight for the Mexicans in Texas, up to the northern tribes among whom we were going. It was believed that the war-belt was circulating among the Winnebagoes, the warlike

tribe who inhabit the western shores of Lake Michigan, to keep them in awe. It was of some consequence to us to ascertain the real state of the case; and we were glad to find that alarm was subsiding so fast, that the troops were soon allowed to go where they were more wanted. As soon as they had recovered from the storm which seemed to have incommoded everybody, they broke up their encampment, and departed.

Chicago looks raw and bare, standing on the high prairie about the lake-shore. The houses appeared all insignificant, and run up in various directions, without any principle at all. A friend of mine who resides there had told me that we should find the inns intolerable, at the period of the great land sales, which bring a concourse of speculators to the place. It was even so. The very sight of them was intolerable; and there was not room for our party among them all. I do not know what we should have done, (unless to betake ourselves to the vessels in the harbour,) if our coming had not been foreknown, and most kindly provided for. We were divided between three families, who had the art of removing all our scruples about intruding on perfect strangers. None of us will lose the lively and pleasant associations with the place, which were caused by the hospitalities of its inhabitants.

I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet, announced the times of sale. At every street-corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him; and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might fairly be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, storekeepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms, and all manner of land-lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose higher. A young lawyer, of my acquaintance there, had realised five hundred dollars per day,

the five preceding days, by merely making out titles to land. Another friend had realized, in two years, ten times as much money as he had before fixed upon as a competence for life. Of course, this rapid money-making is a merely temporary evil. A bursting of the bubble must come soon. The absurdity of the speculation is so striking, that the wonder is that the fever should have attained such a height as I witnessed. The immediate occasion of the bustle which prevailed, the week we were at Chicago, was the sale of lots, to the value of two millions of dollars, along the course of a projected canal: and of another set, immediately behind these. Persons not intending to game, and not infected with mania, would endeavour to form some reasonable conjecture as to the ultimate value of the lots, by calculating the cost of the canal, the risks from accident, from the possible competition from other places, &c., and, finally, the possible profits, under the most favourable circumstances, within so many years' purchase. Such a calculation would serve as some sort of guide as to the amount of purchase-money to be risked. Whereas, wild land on the banks of a canal, not yet even marked out, was selling at Chicago for more than rich land, well improved, in the finest part of the valley of the Mohawk, on the banks of a canal which is already the medium of an almost inestimable amount of traffic. If sharpers and gamblers were to be the sufferers by the impending crash at Chicago, no one would feel much concerned: but they, unfortunately, are the people who encourage the delusion, in order to profit by it. Many a highspirited, but inexperienced, young man; many a simple settler, will be ruined for the advantage of knaves.

Others, besides lawyers and speculators by trade, make a fortune in such extraordinary times. A poor man at Chicago had a pre-emption right to some land, for which he paid in the morning one hundred and fifty dollars. In the afternoon, he sold it to a friend of mine for five thousand dollars. A poor Frenchman, married to a squaw, had a suit pending, when I was there, which he was likely to gain, for the right

of purchasing some land by the lake for one hundred dollars, which would immediately become worth one million dollars.

There was much gaiety going on at Chicago, as well as business. On the evening of our arrival a fancy fair took place. As I was too much fatigued to go, the ladies sent me a bouquet of prairie flowers. There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie. There is a mixture, of course. I heard of a family of half-breeds setting up a carriage, and wearing fine jewelry. When the present intoxication of prosperity passes away, some of the inhabitants will go back to the eastward; there will be an accession of settlers from the mechanic classes; good houses will have been built for the richer families, and the singularity of the place will subside. It will be like all the other new and thriving lake and river ports of America. Meantime I am glad to have seen it in its strange early days.

We dined one day with a gentleman who had been Indian agent among the Winnebagoes for some years. He and his lady seem to have had the art of making themselves as absolutely Indian in their sympathies and manners as the welfare of the savages among whom they lived required. They were the only persons I met with who, really knowing the Indians, had any regard for them. The testimony was universal to the good faith, and other virtues of savage life of the unsophisticated Indians; but they were spoken of in a tone of dislike, as well as pity, by all but this family; and they certainly had studied their Indian neighbours very thoroughly. The ladies of Indian agents ought to be women of nerve. Our hostess had slept for weeks with a loaded pistol on each side her pillow, and a dagger under it, when expecting an attack from a hostile tribe. The foe did not, however, come nearer than within a few miles. Her husband's sister was in the massacre when the fort was abandoned, in 1812. Her father and her

husband were in the battle, and her mother and young brothers and sisters sat in a boat on the lake near. Out of seventy whites, only seventeen escaped, among whome were her family. She was wounded in the ankle, as she sat on her horse. A painted Indian, in warlike costume, came leaping up to her, and seized her horse, as she supposed, to murder her. She fought him vigourously, and be bore it without doing her any injury. He spoke, but she could not understand him. Another frightful savage came up, and the two led her horse to the lake, and into it, in spite of her resistance, till the water reached their chins. She concluded that they meant to drown her; but they contented themselves with holding her on her horse till the massacre was over, when they led her out in safety. They were friendly Indians, sent by her husband to guard her. She could not but admire their patience when she found how she had been treating her protectors.

We had the fearful pleasure of seeing various savage dances performed by the Indian agent and his brother, with the accompaniments of complete costume, barbaric music, and whooping. The most intelligible to us was the Discovery Dance, a highly descriptive pantomime. We saw the Indian go out armed for war. We saw him reconnoitre, make signs to his comrades, sleep, warm himself, load his rifle, sharpen his scalping-knife, steal through the grass within rifle-shot of his foes, fire, scalp one of them, and dance, whooping and triumphing. There was a dreadful truth about the whole, and it made our blood run cold. It realized hatred and horror as effectually as Taglioni does love and grace.

We were unexpectedly detained over the Sunday at Chicago; and Dr. F. was requested to preach. Though only two hours' notice was given, a respectable congregation was assembled in the large room of the Lake House; a new hotel then building. Our seats were a few chairs and benches, and planks laid on trestles. The preacher stood behind a rough pine-table, on which a large Bible was placed. I was never

present at a more interesting service; and I know that there were others who felt with me.

From Chicago, we made an excursion into the prairies. Our young lawyer-friend threw behind him the five hundred dollars per day which he was making, and went with us. I thought him wise; for there is that to be had in the wilderness which money cannot buy. We drove out of the town at ten o'clock in the morning, too late by two hours; but it was impossible to overcome the introductions to strangers, and the bustle of our preparations, any sooner. Our party consisted of seven, besides the driver. Our vehicle was a wagon with four horses.

We had first to cross the prairie, nine miles wide, on the lake edge of which Chicago stands. This prairie is not usually wet so early in the year; but at this time the water stood almost up to the nave of the wheels: and we crossed it at a walking pace. I saw here, for the first time in the United States, the American primrose. It grew in profusion over the whole prairie, as far as I could see; not so large and fine as in English green houses, but graceful and pretty. I now found the truth of what I had read about the difficulty of distinguishing distances on a prairie. The feeling is quite bewildering. A man walking near looks like a Goliath a mile off. I mistook a covered wagon without horses, at a distance of fifty yards, for a white house near the horizon: and so on. We were not sorry to reach the belt of trees, which bounded the swamp we had passed. At a house here, where we stopped to water the horses, and eat doughnuts, we saw a crowd of emigrants; which showed that we had not yet reached the bounds of civilization. A little further on we came to the river Aux Plaines, spelled on a sign board "Oplain." The ferry here is a monopoly, and the public suffers accordingly. There is only one small flat boat for the service of the concourse of people now pouring into the prairies. Though we happened to arrive nearly first of the crowd of today, we were detained on the bank above an hour; and then our horses

went over at two crossings, and the wagon and ourselves at the third. It was a pretty scene, if we had not been in a hurry; the country wagons and teams in the wood by the side of the quiet clear river; and the oxen swimming over, yoked, with only their patient faces visible above the surface. After crossing, we proceeded briskly till we reached a single house, where, or nowhere, we were to dine. The kind hostess bestirred herself to provide us a good dinner of tea, bread, ham, potatoes, and strawberries, of which a whole pailful, ripe and sweet, had been gathered by the children in the grass round the house, within one hour. While dinner was preparing, we amused ourselves with looking over an excellent small collection of books, belonging to Miss Cynthia, the daughter of the hostess.

I never saw insulation, (not desolation,) to compare with the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury Plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it, rich fields about it; and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home-bounds, I had a feeling that it would never get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and, at present, it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travellers compare it to,—a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occasional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestic; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees within the windings of the blue, brimming river Aux Plaines.

We had met with so many delays that we felt doubts about reaching the place where we had intended to spend the night. At sunset, we found ourselves still nine miles from Joliet:*

*I preserve the original name, which is that of the first French missionary who visited these parts. The place is now commonly called Juliet; and a settlement near has actually been named Romeo: so that I fear there is little hope of a restoration of the honourable primitive name.

but we were told that the road was good, except a small "slew" or two; and there was half a moon shining behind a thin veil of clouds; so we pushed on. We seemed latterly to be travelling on a terrace overlooking a wide champaign, where a dark, waving line might indicate the winding of the river, between its clumpy banks. Our driver descended, and went forward, two or three times, to make sure of our road; and at length, we rattled down a steep descent, and found ourselves among houses. This was not our resting-place, however. The Joliet hotel lay on the other side of the river. We were directed to a foot-bridge by which we were to pass; and a ford below for the wagon. We strained our eyes in vain for the foot-bridge; and our gentlemen peeped and pryed about for some time. All was still but the rippling river, and everybody asleep in the houses that were scattered about. We ladies were presently summoned to put on our water-proof shoes, and alight. A man showed himself who had risen from his bed to help us in our need. The foot-bridge consisted, for some way, of two planks, with a hand rail on one side: but, when we were about a third of the way over, one half of the planks, and the hand-rail, had disappeared. We actually had to cross the rushing, deep river on a line of single planks, by dim moonlight, at past eleven o'clock at night. The great anxiety was about Charley; but between his father and the guide, he managed very well. This guide would accept nothing but thanks. He "did not calculate to take any pay." Then we waited some time for the wagon to come up from the ford. I suspected it had passed the spot where we stood, and had proceeded to the village, where we saw a twinkling light, now disappearing, and now re-appearing. It was so, and the driver came back to look for us, and tell us that the light we saw was a signal from the hotel-keeper, whom we found, standing on his door-step, and sheltering his candle with his hand. We sat down and drank milk in the bar, while he went to consult with his wife what was to be done with us, as every bed in the house was occupied. We, meanwhile, agreed that the time was

now come for us to enjoy an adventure which we had often anticipated; sleeping in a barn. We had all declared ourselves anxious to sleep in a barn, if we could meet with one that was air-tight, and well supplied with hay. Such a barn was actually on these premises. We were prevented, however, from all practising the freak by the prompt hospitality of our hostess. Before we knew what she was about, she had risen and dressed herself, put clean sheets on her own bed, and made up two others on the floor of the same room; so that the ladies and Charley were luxuriously accommodated. Two sleepy personages crawled down stairs to offer their beds to our gentlemen. Mr. L. and our Chicago friend, however persisted in sleeping in the barn. Next morning, we all gave a very gratifying report of our lodgings. When we made our acknowledgments to our hostess, she said she thought that people who could go to bed quietly every night ought to be ready to give up to tired travellers. Whenever she travels, I hope she will be treated as she treated us. She let us have breakfast as early as half-past five, the next morning, and gave Charley a bun at parting, lest he should be too hungry before we could dine.

The great object of our expedition, Mount Joliet, was two miles distant from this place. We had to visit it, and perform the journey back to Chicago, forty miles, before night. The mount is only sixty feet high; yet it commands a view which I shall not attempt to describe, either in its vastness, or its soft beauty. The very spirit of tranquility resides in this paradisy scene. The next painter who would worthily illustrate Milton's Morning Hymn, should come and paint what he sees from Mount Joliet, on a dewy summer's morning, when a few light clouds are gently sailing in the sky, and their shadows traversing the prairie. I thought I had never seen green levels till now; and only amoung mountains had I before known the beauty of wandering showers. Mount Joliet has the appearance of being an artificial mound, its sides are so uniformly steep, and its form so regular. Its declivity was bristling

with flowers; among which were conspicuous the scarlet lily, the white convolvulus, and a tall, red flower of the scabia form. We disturbed a night-hawk, sitting on her eggs, on the ground. She wheeled round and round over our heads, and, I hope returned to her eggs before they were cold.

Not far from the mount was a log-house, where the rest of the party went in to dry their feet, after having stood long in the wet grass. I remained outside, watching the light showers, shifting in the partial sunlight from clump to level, and from reach to reach of the brimming and winding river. The nine miles of prairie, which we had traversed in dim moonlight last night, were now exquisitely beautiful, as the sun shone fitfully upon them.

We saw a prairie wolf, very like a yellow dog, trotting across our path, this afternoon. Our hostess of the preceding day, expecting us, had an excellent dinner ready for us. We were detained a shorter time at the ferry, and reached the belt of trees at the edge of Nine-mile Prairie, before sunset. Here, in common prudence, we ought to have stopped till the next day, even if no other accommodation could be afforded us than a roof over our heads. We deserved an ague for crossing the swamp after dark, in an open wagon, at a foot pace. Nobody was aware of this in time, and we set forward; the feet of our wearied horses plashing in water at every step of the nine miles. There was no road; and we had to trust to the instinct of driver and horses to keep us in the right direction. I rather think the driver attempted to amuse himself by exciting our fears. He hinted more than once at the difficulty of finding the way; at the improbability that we should reach Chicago before midnight; and at the danger of our wandering about the marsh all night, and finding ourselves at the opposite edge of the prairie in the morning. Charley was bruised and tired. All the rest were hungry and cold. It was very dreary. The driver bade us look to our right hand. A black bear was trotting alongside of us, at a little distance. After keeping up his trot for some time, he

turned off from our track. The sight of him made up for all, —even if ague should follow, which I verily believed it would. But we escaped all illness. It is remarkable that I never saw ague but once. The single case that I met with was in autumn, at the Falls of Niagara.

I had promised Dr. F. a long story about English politics, when a convenient opportunity should occur. I thought the present an admirable one; for nobody seemed to have anything to say, and it was highly desirable that something should be said. I made my story long enough to beguile four miles; by which time, some were too tired, and others too much disheartened, for more conversation. Something white was soon after visible. Our driver gave out that it was a house, half a mile from Chicago. But no: it was an emigrant encampment, on a morsel of raised, dry ground; and again we were uncertain whether we were in the right road. Presently, however, the Chicago beacon was visible, shining a welcome to us through the dim, misty air. The horses seemed to see it, for they quickened their pace; and before half-past ten, we were on the bridge.

The family at my temporary home, were gone up to their chambers; but the wood-fire was soon replenished, tea made, and the conversation growing lively. My companions were received as readily at their several resting-places. When we next met, we found ourselves all disposed to place warm hospitality very high on the list of virtues.

While we were at Detroit, we were most strongly urged to return thither by the Lakes, instead of by either of the Michigan roads. From place to place, in my previous travelling, I had been told of the charms of the Lakes, and especially of the Island of Mackinaw. Every officer's lady who has been in garrison there, is eloquent upon the delight of Mackinaw. As our whole party, however, could not spare time to make so wide a circuit, we had not intended to indulge ourselves with a further variation in our travels than to take the upper road back to Detroit; having left it by the lower. On Sunday,

June 27th, news arrived at Chicago that this upper road had been rendered impassable by the rains. A sailing vessel, the only one on the Lakes, and now on her first trip, was to leave Chicago for Detroit and Buffalo, the next day. The case was clear: the party must divide. Those who were obliged to hasten home must return by the road we came: the rest must proceed by water. On Charley's account, the change of plan was desirable; as the heats were beginning to be so oppressive as to render travelling in open wagons unsafe for a child. It was painful to break up our party at the extreme point of our journey; but it was clearly right. So Mr. and Mrs. L. took their chance by land; and the rest of us went on board the Milwaukee, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th.

Mrs. F. and I were the only ladies on board; and there was no stewardess. The steward was obliging, and the ladies' cabin was clean and capacious; and we took possession of it with a feeling of comfort. Our pleasant impressions, however, were not of long duration. The vessel was crowded with persons who had come to the land sales at Chicago, and were taking their passage back to Milwaukee; a settlement on the western shore of the lake, about eighty miles from Chicago. Till we should reach Milwaukee, we could have the ladies' cabin only during a part of the day. I say part of the day, because some of the gentry did not leave our cabin till near nine in the morning; and others chose to come down, and go to bed, as early as seven in the evening, without troubling themselves to give us five minutes' notice, or to wait till we could put up our needles, or wipe our pens. This ship was the only place in America where I saw a prevalence of bad manners. It was the place of all others to select for the study of such; and no reasonable person would look for anything better among land-speculators, and settlers in regions so new as to be almost without women. None of us had ever before seen, in America, a disregard of women. The swearing was incessant; and the spitting such as to amaze my American companions as much as myself.

Supper was announced presently after we had sailed; and when we came to the table, it was full, and no one offered to stir, to make room for us. The captain, who was very careful of our comfort, arranged that we should be better served henceforth; and no difficulty afterwards occurred. At dinner, the next day, we had a specimen of how such personages as we had on board are managed on an emergency. The captain gave notice, from the head of the table, that he did not choose our party to be intruded on in the cabin; and that any one who did not behave with civility at table should be turned out. He spoke with decision and good-humour; and the effect was remarkable. Everything on the table was handed to us; and no more of the gentry came down into our cabin to smoke, or throw themselves on the cushions to sleep, while we sat at work.

Our fare was what might be expected on Lake Michigan. Salt beef and pork, and sea-biscuit; tea without milk, bread, and potatoes. Charley throve upon potatoes and bread; and we all had the best results of food,—health and strength.

A little schooner which left Chicago at the same time with ourselves, and reached Milwaukee first, was a pretty object. On the 29th, we were only twenty-five miles from the settlement; but the wind was so unfavorable that it was doubtful whether we should reach it that day. Some of the passengers amused themselves by gaming, down in the hold; others by parodying a methodist sermon, and singing a mock hymn. We did not get rid of them till noon on the 30th, when we had the pleasure of seeing our ship disgorge twenty-five into one boat, and two into another. The atmosphere was so transparent as to make the whole scene appear as if viewed through an opera-glass; the still, green water, the dark boats with their busy oars, the moving passengers, and the struggles of one to recover his hat, which had fallen overboard. We were yet five miles from Milwaukee; but we could see the bright, wooded coast, with a few white dots of houses.

While Dr. F. went on shore, to see what was to be seen,

we had the cabin cleaned out, and took, once more, complete possession of it, for both day and night. As soon as this was done, seven young women came down the companion-way, seated themselves round the cabin, and began to question us. They were the total female population of Milwaukee; which settlement now contains four hundred souls. We were glad to see these ladies; for it was natural enough that the seven women should wish to behold two more, when such a chance offered. A gentleman of the place, who came on board this afternoon, told me that a printing-press had arrived a few hours before; and that a newspaper would speedily appear. He was kind enough to forward the first number to me a few weeks afterwards; and I was amused to see how pathetic an appeal to the ladies of more thickly-settled districts it contained; imploring them to cast a favourable eye on Milwaukee, and its hundreds of bachelors. Milwaukee had been settled since the preceding November. It had good stores; (to judge by the nature and quantity of goods sent ashore from our ship) it had a printing-press and newspaper, before the settlers had had time to get wives. I heard these new settlements sometimes called "patriarchal:" but what would the patriarchs have said to such an order of affairs.

Dr. F. returned from the town, with apple-pie, cheese, and ale, wherewith to vary our ship diet. With him arrived such a number of towns-people, that the steward wanted to turn us out of our cabin once more: but we were sturdy, appealed to the captain, were confirmed in possession. From this time, began the delights of our voyage. The moon, with her train of glory, was magnificent to-night; the vast body of waters on which she shone being as calm as if the wind were dead.

The navigation of these lakes is, at present, a mystery. They have not yet been properly surveyed. Our captain had gone to and fro on Lake Huron, but had never before been on Lake Michigan; and this was rather an anxious voyage to him. We had got aground on the sand-bar before Mil-

waukee harbour; and on the 1st of July, all hands were busy in unshipping the cargo, to lighten the vessel, instead of carrying her up to the town. An elegant little schooner was riding at anchor near us; and we were well amused in admiring her, and in watching the bustle on deck, till some New-England youth, or our Milwaukee acquaintance, brought us, from the shore, two newspapers, some pebbles, flowers, and a pitcher of fine strawberries.

As soon as we were off the bar, the vessel hove round, and we cast anchor in deeper water. Charley was called to see the sailors work the windlass, and to have a ride thereon. The sailors were very kind to the boy. They dressed up their dog for him in sheep-skins and a man's hat; a sight to make older people than Charley laugh. They took him down into the forecastle to show him prints that were pasted up there. They asked him to drink rum and water with them: to which Charley answered that he should be happy to drink water with them, but had rather not have any rum. While we were watching the red sunset over the leaden waters, betokening a change of weather, the steamer "New York" came ploughing the bay, three weeks after her time; such is the uncertainty in the navigation of these stormy lakes. She got aground on the sand-bank as we had done; and boats were going from her to the shore and back, as long as we could see.

The next day there was rain and some wind. The captain and steward went off to make final purchases: but the fresh meat which had been bespoken for us had been bought up by somebody else; and no milk was to be had; only two cows being visible in all the place. Ale was the only luxury we could obtain. When the captain returned he brought with him a stout gentleman, one of the proprietors of the vessel, who must have a berth in our cabin as far as Mackinaw; those elsewhere being too small for him. Under the circumstances, we had no right to complain; so we helped the steward to partition off a portion of the cabin with a counterpane,

fastened with four forks. This gentleman, Mr. D., was engaged in the fur trade at Mackinaw, and had a farm there, to which he kindly invited us.

On Sunday, the 3rd, there was much speculation as to whether we should be at Mackinaw in time to witness the celebration of the great day. All desired it; but I was afraid of missing the Manitou Isles in the dark. There was much fog; the wind was nearly fair; the question was whether it would last. Towards evening, the fog thickened, and the wind freshened. The mate would not believe we were in the middle of the lake, as every one else supposed. He said the fog was too warm not to come from near land. Charley caught something of the spirit of uncertainty, and came to me in high, joyous excitement, to drag me to the side of the ship, that I might see how fast we cut through the waves, and how steadily we leaned over the water, till Charley almost thought he could touch it. He burst out about the "kind of a feeling" that it was "not to see a bit of land," and not to know where we were; and to think "if we should upset!" and that we never did upset:—it was "a good and a bad feeling at once;" and he should never be able to tell people at home what it was like. The boy had no fear: he was roused, as the brave man loves to be. Just as the dim light of the sunset was fading from the fog, it opened, and disclosed to us, just at hand, the high, sandy shore of Michigan. It was well that this happened before dark. The captain hastened up to the mast-head, and reported that we were off Cape Sable, forty miles from the Manitou Isles.

Three bats and several butterflies were seen to-day, clinging to the mainsail,—blown over from the shore. The sailors set their dog at a bat, of which it was evidently afraid. A flock of pretty pigeons flew round and over the ship; of which six were shot. Four fell into the water; and the other two were reserved for the mate's breakfast; he being an invalid.

We were up before five, on the morning of the 4th of July, to see the Manitou Isles, which were then just coming in

sight. They are the Sacred Isles of the Indians, to whom they belong. Manitou is the name of their Great Spirit, and of everything sacred. It is said that they believe these islands to be the resort of the spirits of the departed. They are two: sand and precipitous at the south end; and clothed with wood, from the crest of the cliffs to the north extremity, which slopes down gradually to the water. It was a cool sunny morning, and these dark islands lay still, and apparently deserted, on the bright green waters. Far behind, to the south, were two glittering white sails, on the horizon. They remained in sight all day, and lessened the feeling of loneliness which the navigators of these vast lakes cannot but have, while careering among the solemn islands and shores. On our right lay the Michigan shore, high and sandy, with the dark eminence, called the Sleeping Bear, conspicuous on the ridge. No land speculators have set foot here yet. A few Indian dwellings, with evergreen woods and sandy cliffs, are all. Just here, Mr. D. pointed out to us a schooner of his which was wrecked, in a snow storm, the preceding November. She looked pretty and forlorn, lying on her side in that desolate place, seeming a mere plaything thrown in among the cliffs. "Ah!" said her owner, with a sigh, "she was a lovely creature and as stiff as a church." Two lives were lost. Two young Germans, stout lads, could not comprehend the orders given them to put on all their clothing, and keep themselves warm. They only half-dressed themselves: "the cold took them," and they died. The rest tried to make fire by friction of wood; but got only smoke. Some one found traces of a dog in the snow. These were followed for three miles, and ended at an Indian lodge, where the sailors were warmed, and kindly treated.

During the bright morning of this day we passed the Fox and Beaver Islands. The captain was in fine spirits, though there was no longer any prospect of reaching Mackinaw in time for the festivities of the day. This island is chiefly known as a principal station of the great north-western fur

trade. Others know it as the seat of an Indian mission. Others, again, as a frontier garrison. It is known to me as the wildest and tenderest little piece of beauty that I have yet seen on God's earth. It is a small island, nine miles in circumference, being in the strait between the Lakes Michigan and Huron, and between the coasts of Michigan and Wisconsin.

Towards evening the Wisconsin coast came into view, the strait suddenly narrowed, and we were about to bid farewell to the great Lake whose total length we had traversed, after sweeping round its southern extremity. The ugly light-ship, which looked heavy enough, came into view about six o'clock; the first token of our approach to Mackinaw. The office of the light-ship is to tow vessels in the dark through the strait. We were too early for this; but perhaps it performed that office for the two schooners whose white specks of sails had been on our horizon all day. Next we saw a white speck before us; it was the barracks of Mackinaw, stretching along the side of its green hills, and clearly visible before the town came into view.

The island looked enchanting as we approached, as I think it always must, though we had the advantage of seeing it first steeped in the most golden sunshine that ever hallowed lake or shore. The colours were up on all the little vessels in the harbour. The national flag streamed from the garrison. The soldiers thronged the walls of the barracks; half-breed boys were paddling about in their little canoes, in the transparent waters; the half-French, half-Indian population of the place were all abroad in their best. An Indian lodge was on the shore, and a picturesque dark group stood beside it. The cows were coming down the steep green slopes to the milking. Nothing could be more bright and joyous.

The houses of the old French village are shabby-looking, dusky, and roofed with bark. There are some neat yellow houses, with red shutters, which have a foreign air, with their porches and flights of steps. The better houses stand on the

first of the three terraces which are distinctly marked. Behind them are swelling green knolls; before them gardens sloping down to the narrow slip of white beach, so that the grass seems to grow almost into the clear rippling waves. The gardens were rich with mountain ash, roses, stocks, currant bushes, springing corn, and a great variety of kitchen vegetables. There were two small piers with little barks alongside, and piles of wood for the steam-boats. Some way to the right stood the quadrangle of missionary buildings, and the white mission church. Still further to the right was a shrubby precipice down to the lake; and beyond, the blue waters. While we were gazing at all this, a pretty schooner sailed into the harbour after us, in fine style, sweeping round our bows so suddenly as nearly to swamp a little fleet of canoes, each with its pair of half-breed boys.

We had been alarmed by a declaration from the captain that he should stay only three hours at the island. He seemed to have no intention of taking us ashore this evening. The dreadful idea occurred to us that we might be carried away from this paradise, without having set foot in it. We looked at each other in dismay. Mr. D. stood our friend. He had some furs on board which were to be landed. He said this should not be done till the morning; and he would take care that his people did it with the utmost possible slowness. He thought he could gain us an additional hour in this way. Meantime, thunderclouds were coming up rapidly from the west, the sun was near its setting. After much consultation, and an assurance having been obtained from the captain that we might command the boat at any hour in the morning, we decided that Mr. F. and Charley should go ashore, and deliver our letters, and accept any arrangements that might be offered for our seeing the best of the scenery in the morning.

Scarcely any one was left in the ship but Mrs. F. and myself. We sat on deck, and gazed as if this were to be the last use we were ever to have of our eyes. There was growling thunder now, and the church bell, and Charley's clear voice

from afar: the waters were so still. The Indians lighted a fire before their lodge; and we saw their shining red forms as they bent over the blaze. We watched Dr. F. and Charley mounting to the garrison; we saw them descend again with the commanding officer, and go the house of the Indian agent. Then we traced them along the shore, and into the Indian lodge; then to the church; then the parting with the commandant on the shore, and lastly, the passage of the dark boat to our ship's side. They brought news that the commandant and his family would be on the watch for us before five in the morning, and be our guides to as much of the island as the captain would allow us time to see.

Some pretty purchases of Indian manufactures were brought on board this evening; light matting of various colours, and small baskets of birch-bark embroidered with porcupine-quills, and filled with maple sugar.

The next morning all was bright. At five o'clock we descended the ship's side, and from the boat could see the commandant and his dog hastening down from the garrison to the landing-place. We returned with him up the hill, through the barrack-yard; and were joined by three members of his family on the velvet green slope behind the garrison. No words can give an idea of the charms of this morning walk. We wound about in a vast shrubbery, with ripe strawberries under foot, wild flowers all around, and scattered knolls and opening vistas tempting curiosity in every direction. "Now run up," said the commandant, as we arrived at the foot of one of these knolls. I did so, and was almost struck backwards by what I saw. Below me was the Natural Bridge of Mackinaw, of which I had heard frequent mention. It is a limestone arch, about one hundred and fifty feet high in the centre, with a span of fifty feet; one pillar resting on a rocky projection in the lake, the other on the hill. We viewed it from above, so that the horizon line of the lake fell behind the bridge, and the blue expanse of waters filled the entire arch. Birch and ash grew around the bases of the

pillars, and shrubbery tufted the sides, and dangled from the bridge. The soft rich hues in which the whole was dressed seemed borrowed from the autumn sky.

But even this scene was nothing to one we saw from the fort, on the crown of the island; old Fort Holmes, called Fort George when in the possession of the British. I can compare it to nothing but what Noah might have seen, the first bright morning after the deluge. Such a cluster of little paradises rising out of such a congregation of waters, I can hardly fancy to have been seen elsewhere. The capacity of the human eye seems here suddenly enlarged, as if it could see to the verge of the watery creation. Blue, level waters appear to expand for thousands of miles in every direction; wholly unlike any aspect of the sea. Cloud shadows, and specks of white vessels, at rare intervals, alone diversify it. Bowery islands rise out of it; bowery promontories stretch down into it; while at one's feet lies the melting beauty which one almost fears will vanish in its softness before one's eyes; the beauty of the shadowy dells and sunny mounds, with browsing cattle, and springing fruit and flowers. Thus, and no otherwise, would I fain think did the world emerge from the flood. I was never before so unwilling to have objects named. The essential unity of the scene seemed to be marred by any distinction of its parts. But this feeling, to me new, did not alter the state of the case; that it was Lake Huron that we saw stretching to the eastward; Lake Michigan opening to the west; the island of Bois Blanc, green to the brink in front; and Round Island and others interspersed. I stood now at the confluence of those great northern lakes, the very names of which awed my childhood; calling up, as they did, images of the fearful red man of the deep pine-forest, and the music of the moaning winds, imprisoned beneath the ice of winter. How different from the scene, as actually beheld, dressed in verdure, flowers, and the sunshine of a summer's morning!

It was breakfast-time when we descended to the barracks;

and we despatched a messenger to the captain to know whether we might breakfast with the commandant. We sat in the piazza, and overlooked the village, the harbour, the straits, and the white beach, where there were now four Indian lodges. The island is so healthy that, according to the commandant, people who want to die must go somewhere else. I saw only three tombstones in the cemetery. The commandant has lost but one man since he has been stationed at Mackinaw; and that was by drowning. I asked about the climate; the answer was, "We have nine months winter, and three months cold weather."

It would have been a pity to have missed the breakfast at the garrison, which afforded a strong contrast with any we had seen for a week. We concealed, as well as we could, our glee at the appearance of the rich cream, the new bread and butter, fresh lake trout, and pile of snowwhite eggs.

There is reason to think that the mission is the least satisfactory part of the establishment on this island. A great latitude of imagination or representation is usually admitted on the subject of missions to the heathen. The reporters of this one appear to be peculiarly imaginative. I fear that the common process has here been gone through of attempting to take from the savage the venerable and the true which he possessed, and to force upon him something else which is to him neither venerable nor true.

The Indians have been proved, by the success of the French among them, to be capable of civilisation. Near Little Traverse, in the north-west part of Michigan, within easy reach of Mackinaw, there is an Indian village, full of orderly and industrious inhabitants, employed chiefly in agriculture. The English and Americans have never succeeded with the aborigines so well as the French; and it may be doubted whether the clergy have been a much greater blessing to them than the traders.

It was with great regret that we parted with the commandant and his large young family, and stepped into the boat to

return to the ship. The captain looked a little grave upon the delay which all his passengers had helped to achieve. We sailed about nine. We were in great delight at having seen Mackinaw, at having the possession of its singular imagery for life: but this delight was at present dashed with the sorrow of leaving it. I could not have believed how deeply it is possible to regret a place, after so brief an acquaintance with it. We watched the island as we rapidly receded, trying to catch the aspect of it which had given it its name—the Great Turtle. Its flag first vanished: then its green terraces and slopes, its white barracks, and dark promontories faded, till the whole disappeared behind a headland and lighthouse of the Michigan shore.

Lake Huron was squally, as usual. Little remarkable happened while we traversed it. We enjoyed the lake trout. We occasionally saw the faint outline of the Manitouline Islands and Canada. We saw a sunset which looked very like the general conflagration having begun: the whole western sky and water being as if of red flame and molten lead. This was succeeded by paler fires. A yellow planet sank into the heaving waters to the south; and the northern lights opened like a silver wheat-sheaf, and spread themselves half over the sky. It is luxury to sail on Lake Huron, and watch the northern lights.

On the 7th we were only twenty miles from the river St. Clair: but the wind was "right ahead," and we did not reach the mouth of the river till the evening of the 8th. The approach and entrance kept us all in a state of high excitement, from the captain down to Charley. On the afternoon of the 8th, Fort Gratiot and the narrow mouth of the St. Clair, became visible. Our scope for tacking grew narrower, every turn. The captain did not come to dinner; he kept the lead going incessantly. Two vessels were trying with us for the mouth of the river. The American schooner got in first, from being the smallest. The British vessel and ours contested the point stoutly for a long while, sweeping round

and crossing each other, much as if they were dancing a minuet. A squall came, and broke one of our chains, and our rival beat us. In the midst of the struggle, we could not observe that the sky was black as night to windward; and that the captain cast momentary glances thither, as if calculating how soon he must make all tight for the storm. The British vessel was seen to have come to an anchor. Our sails were taken in, our anchor dropped, and a grim silence prevailed. The waters were flat as ice about the ship. The next moment, the sky-organ began to blow in our rigging. Fort Gratiot was blotted out; then the woods; then the other ship; them came the orderly march of the rain over the myrtle-green waters; then the storm seized us. We could scarcely see each others' faces, except for the lightning; the ship groaned, and dragged her anchor, so that a second was dropped.

In twenty minutes, the sun gilded the fort, the woods, and the green, prairie-like, Canada shore. On the verge of this prairie, under the shelter of the forest, an immense herd of wild horses were seen scampering, and whisking their long tails. A cloud of pigeons, in countless thousands, was shadowing alternately the forests, the lake, and the prairie; and an extensive encampment of wild Indians was revealed on the Michigan shore. It was a dark curtain lifted up on a scene of wild and singular beauty.

Then we went to the anxious work of tacking again. We seemed to be running aground on either shore, as we approached each. Our motions were watched by several gazers. On the Canada side, there were men on the sands, and in a canoe, with a sail which looked twice as big as the bark. The keepers of the Gratiot light-house looked out from the lantern. A party of squaws, in the Indian encampment, seated on the sands, stopped their work of cleaning fish, to see how we got through the rapids. A majestic personage, his arms folded in his blanket, stood on an eminence in the midst of the camp; and behind him, on the brow of the hill, were groups of unclothed boys and men, looking so demon-like, as even in that

scene to remind me of the great staircase in the ballet of Faust. Our ship twisted round and round in the eddies, as helplessly as a log, and struck, at last, with her stern within a stone's throw of the Indians. Nothing more could be done that night. We dropped anchor, and hoped the sailors would have good repose after two days of tacking to achieve a progress of twenty miles. Two or three of them went ashore, to try to get milk. While they were gone, a party of settlers stood on the high bank, to gaze at us; and we were sorry to see them, even down to the little children, whisking boughs without ceasing. This was a treat of mosquitoes which was not to be mistaken. When the sailors returned, they said we were sure to have a good watch kept, for the mosquitoes would let no one sleep. We tried to shut up our cabin from them; but they were already there; and I, for one, was answerable for many murders before I closed my eyes. In the twilight, I observed something stirring on the high bank; and on looking closely, saw a party of Indians, stepping along, in single file, under the shadow of the wood. Their simplest acts are characteristic; and, in their wild state, I never saw them without thinking of ghosts or demons.

In the morning, I found we were floating down the current, stern foremost, frequently swinging round in the eddies, so as to touch the one shore or the other. There seemed to be no intermission of settlers' houses; all at regular distances along the bank. The reason of this appearance is a good old French arrangement, by which the land is divided into long, narrow strips, that each lot may have a water frontage. We were evidently returning to a well-settled country. The more comfortable houses on the Canada side were surrounded by spacious and thriving fields: the poorer by dreary enclosures of swamp. We saw a good garden, with a white paling. Cows were being milked. Cow-bells, and the merry voices of singing children, were heard from under the clumps; and piles of wood for the steam-boats, and large stocks of shingles for roofing were laid up on either hand.

The Gratiot steamer puffed away under the Michigan bank. Canoes shot across in a streak of light; and a schooner came down the clear river, as if on the wing between the sky and the water. I watched two horsemen on the shore, for many miles, tracing the bay pony and the white horse through the woody screen, and over the brooks, and along the rickety bridges. I could see that they were constantly chatting, and that they stopped to exchange salutations with every one they met or overtook. These, to be sure, were few enough. I was quite sorry when the twilight drew on, and hid them from me. I saw a little boy on a log, with a paddle, pushing himself off from a bank of wild roses, and making his way in the sunshine of the river. It looked very pretty, and very unsafe; but I dare say he knew best. The captain and mate were both ill today. The boat was sent ashore for what could be had. The men made haste, and rowed bravely; but we were carried down four miles before we could "heave to," for them to overtake us. They brought brandy for the captain; and for us, butter just out of the churn. The mosquitoes again drove us from the deck, soon after dark.

The next morning, the 10th, the deck was in great confusion. The captain was worse: the mate was too ill to command; and the second mate seemed to be more efficient in swearing, and getting the men to swear, than at anything else. After breakfast, there was a search made after a pilferer, who had abstracted certain small articles from our cabin; among which was Charley's maple-sugar basket, which had been seen in the wheel-house with a tea-spoon in it. This seemed to point out one of the juniors in the forecastle as the offender; the steward, however, offered to clear himself by taking an oath, "on a bible as big as the ship," that he knew nothing of the matter. As we did not happen to have such a bible on board, we could not avail ourselves of his offer. A comb and tooth-brush, which had been missing, were found, restored to their proper places: but Charley's pretty basket was seen no more.

It was a comfortless day. We seemed within easy reach of Detroit; but the little wind we had was dead ahead; the sun was hot; the mosquitoes abounded; the captain was downcast, and the passengers cross. There was some amusement, however. Dr. F. went ashore, and brought us milk, of which we each had a draught before it turned sour. He saw on shore a sight which is but too common. An hotel-keeper let an Indian get drunk; and then made a quarrel between him and another, for selfish purposes. The whites seem to have neither honour nor mercy towards the red men.

A canoe full of Indians,—two men and four children,—came along side, this afternoon, to offer to traffic. They had no clothing but a coarse shirt each. The smallest child had enormous ear-ornaments of blue and white beads. They were closely packed in their canoe, which rocked with every motion. They sold two large baskets for a quarter dollar and two loaves of bread. Their faces were intelligent, and far from solemn. The children look merry, as children should. I saw others fishing afar off, till long after dark. A dusky figure stood, in a splendid attitude, at the bow of a canoe, and now paddled with one end of his long lance, now struck at a fish with the other. He speared his prey directly through the middle; and succeeded but seldom. At dark, a pine torch was held over the water; and by its blaze, I could still see something of his operations.

The groaning of our ship's timbers told us, before we rose, that we were in rapid motion. The wind was fair; and we were likely to reach Detroit, forty miles, to dinner. Lake St. Clair, with its placid waters and low shores, presents nothing to look at. The captain was very ill, and unable to leave his berth. No one on board knew the channel of the Detroit river but himself; and, from the time we entered it, the lead was kept going. When we were within four miles of Detroit, hungry, hot, tired of the disordered ship, and thinking of friends, breezes, and a good dinner at the city, we went aground,—grinding, grinding, till the ship trembled in every

timber. The water was so shallow that one might have touched the gravel on either side with a walking-stick. There was no hope of our being got off speedily. The cook applied himself to chopping wood, in order to light a fire, in order to baking some bread, in order to give us something to eat; for not a scrap of meat, or an ounce of biscuit, was left on board.

It occurred to me that our party might reach the city, either by paying high for one of the ship's boats, or by getting the mate to hail one of the schooners that were in the river. The boats could not be spared. The mate hoisted a signal for a schooner; and one came alongside, very fully laden with shingles. Fifteen of us, passengers, with our luggage, were piled on the top of the cargo, and sailed gently up to the city. The captain was too ill, and the mate too full of vexation, to bid us farewell; and thus we left our poor ship. We were glad, however, to pass her in the river, the next day, and to find that she had been got off the shoal before night.

As we drew near, Charley, in all good faith, hung out his little handkerchief to show the people of Detroit that we were come back. They did not seem to know us, however. "What!" cried some men on a raft, to the master of our schooner, "have you been robbing a steam-boat?" "No" replied the master, gravely; "it is a boat that has gone to the bottom in the lakes." We expected that some stupendous alarm would arise out of this. When we reached New York, a fortnight after, we found that our friends there had been made uneasy by the news that a steam-boat had sunk on the Lakes, and that eight hundred passengers were drowned. Catastrophies grow as fast as other things in America.

Though our friends did not happen to see Charley's pocket-handkerchief from the river, they were soon about us, congratulating us on having made the circuit of the Lakes. It was indeed matter of congratulation.

Historical Notes

WE UNDERSTAND that Webb Waldron, University of Michigan '05 who wrote *The Road to the World* is to write a travel book about the Great Lakes region. Few know this region better than Mr. Waldron, and we look forward to a delightful book.

The League of American Pen Women, of which Mrs. William H. Wait of Ann Arbor is the vice-president for Michigan has recently put out the first issue of *The Penwoman,* and it is causing considerable comment. It is the official organ of the League.

William O. Van Eyck, postmaster at Holland, Mich., has recently published a volume, *Landmarks of the Reformed Fathers, or What Dr. Van Raalte's People Believed.* The argument of the book is for church unity. Mr. Van Eyck is an attorney, a graduate of Hope College and of the University of Michigan.

Comes to our desk, "Some of My Experiences as a Printer, Reporter, Editor and Publisher," by Grand Rapids' veteran newspaper man Arthur S. White. Mr. White says, "Yielding to the demands of members of my family, I have prepared this little book of reminiscences for distribution among friends. I beg their indulgence for the impatience it may cause them." Granted, Mr. White. Send us some more.

The opening numbers of the Burton Historical Collection *Leaflet* cover a variety of interesting subjects. Among them are Henry R. Schoolcraft's public services in Michigan; Colonel John Francis Hamtramck's career as a frontier soldier and officer; Fort Lernoult; Judge Campbell's pleasant reminiscences of the "departed waters of Detroit;" city planning in "Old Detroit;" and the Black Swamp Road. Much of the

material consists of original documents from the Burton Collection which is housed on the top floor of the Detroit new Public Library. Some of these records are quaintly interesting, for example a letter from Alexander Macomb giving us a glimpse of Detroit in 1820. The *Leaflet* is published twice a month by the Detroit Public Library.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Harrison Soule of Ann Arbor, the Michigan Historical Commission has come into possession of a number of maps and other materials used by her daughter, Miss Anna May Soule, in making the studies of Michigan boundaries which were published in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections.* The early documents are specially valuable, being now out of print. Among them are a number of letters of Lucius Lyon, and documents relating to the Michigan constitutional conventions of 1835-6, also a Burr map of the Territory of Wisconsin, 1836.

Mr. Gus L. Stein of Kalamazoo, past Department Commander of Michigan, United Spanish War Veterans, and Late Corporal "Co. C." 32nd Michigan Volunteers has presented to the Michigan Historical Commission a copy of the somewhat rare volume *Michigan Volunteers of '98.* The volume is handsomely illustrated, a photographic record of Michigan's part in the Spanish-American War. It contains a complete muster roll of the 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, and 25th Michigan Volunteers, and of the Michigan Naval Reserves.

Mrs. Franc L. Adams of Mason, secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, has made a fairly complete research among the records and cemeteries for early day soldiers buried in the county. The making of such a list for each county of Michigan would be a worthy enterprise for patriotic and historical organizations throughout the State. Mrs. Adams has also collected much data about the lives of these soldiers. "A commonwealth founded on loyalty and service can not afford to forget its heroes."

Mr. C. B. Swift of Pontiac has sent us an interesting col-

lection of old magazines and papers, among which is a copy of the "Minutes of the Nineteenth Session of the American Convention for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and Improving the Condition of the African Race, Convened at Philadelphia, on the Fourth Day of October, 1825."

An oil painting of Father Gabriel Richard, famous pioneer Catholic priest of Michigan, in honor of whom Richard Council, Number 788, Lansing Knights of Columbus is named, was recently presented to the local council in an interesting address by Father M. J. Bourke of Ann Arbor. The painting was made from a small photograph in possession of William L. Hermes of Lansing. It now adorns the walls of the Council home on North Capitol Avenue. *The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* contain many articles and allusions to the ability, service and spirited citizenship of Father Richard, one of the noblest of Michigan's pioneers.

Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, said recently at a meeting of the National Educational Association: "We have given too scant attention to the demands of training for citizenship. This implies adequate knowledge of our institutions, of their development and actual working. It means more than this in a world of new intimacies and complexities. It means adequate knowledge of other peoples, and for this purpose there is nothing to take the place of the humanities, of the study of literature and history. When I speak of the study of history I do not mean a superficial review, but the earnest endeavor to understand the life of peoples, their problems and aspirations. And at this time it is not simply or chiefly the history of a distant past that it is more important to know; it is recent history, with sufficient acquaintance with the past to understand the extraordinary happenings and developments which have taken place in our own time, so that through a just and clear discernment our young men and women may properly relate themselves to the duties and opportunities of the generation."

Holland citizens contemplate spending approximately $25,000 to erect a statue in honor of Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, founder of the "Colony." This is the estimate made by Leonard Crunelle, Chicago sculptor, who has been engaged for this work. Next to Lorado Taft, Mr. Crunelle is perhaps the best known sculptor in America.

A bronze tablet on a boulder marking the old Walker Tavern and the junction of the Chicago and Monroe turnpikes at Cambridge Junction, Lenawee County, was recently unveiled. The tavern was built in 1832, and is now the property of Rev. Frederick Hewitt of Detroit, who has fitted it up with furniture of pioneer days, some of which originally belonged to the inn. The room occupied by James Fennimore Cooper while he was writing "Oak Openings" has been restored to represent the time of his occupancy. Rev. Hewitt has also purchased the brick hotel across from the old tavern which he will open to the public next summer. Thousands of people visited the historic old place last summer. The old Chicago turnpike has been designated as a Federal aid highway, and will presently be paved. The Monroe turnpike is already partly paved. When these two roads are completed the old Walker Tavern will be the mecca of thousands of tourists every summer.

The birthplace of Austin Blair, Michigan's Civil War Governor, has been located about ten miles east of Ithaca, in the town of Caroline, central New York. Ithaca is the home of Cornell College. The Blair house stands in a wooded valley near a little stream whose waters flow to meet the Susquehanna River. A photograph of the house accompanied a brief sketch in the Lansing *State Journal,* said to have been secured by Attorney Lyman H. Gallagher, local historian of Caroline township. It is expected that the building will soon be removed.

Lansing in the old days,—from a letter to Governor Ransom dated May 8, 1848, by John J. Adam, Auditor General, in the

archives of the Michigan Historical Commission: "Last week I let a contract for extracting the stumps on this Block, and on Washington Avenue, etc. at 50 cents for those over 8 inches, and 12½ for those under. I have also let the contract for the Bridge on Michigan Avenue, at $1,700; to be built on crib-work up to about low-water mark. Today I shall execute a contract for the fence round this block at $4 per rod, including gates."

The city of Ironwood has in course of construction and now all enclosed, a memorial building that is to cost with its equipment about $500,000. It is fire-proof, and equipped with auditorium, gymnasium, swimming tank, shower baths, game rooms, rest rooms, and offices for the city's organizations. It is expected that it may be completed in time for accommodation of the annual convention of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society which will be held in Ironwood next July.

Grand Haven Public Library has a group of five new wall cases for its auditorium, which will receive relics of the Great War brought home from France and Russia and Siberia and Italy by Grand Haven soldiers who were in the service. Mrs. Elizabeth Nyland is in charge of collecting, receiving, labelling, and displaying the articles. The new cases are of fine design, fitted with electric lights. Civil War and Spanish-American war material will also be here gathered. Other cases will be added as the collection grows. Cases will also be added to receive historical material pertaining to the early settlement of Grand Haven and its subsequent growth. The work is directly in charge of the Mayor's Memorial Committee.

William P. Furguson, archeologist and author of Franklin, Penn. thinks he may have discovered the ruins of an ancient city on Isle Royale, inhabited perhaps 2000 years ago. He intends to return and conduct further explorations. The "city" is on the south side of the island and consists of a series of semi-underground dwellings.

It is like turning a page of the pioneer history of Michigan's territorial days when we read of one firm, in one of the oldest settlements of the State, Tecumseh, making the largest individual sale of furs at one time involving $10,000. These were muskrat, skunk, weasel, raccoon, mink, fox and cat,—not wildcats, but those of "Thomas" and "Tabby" fame whose furs especially if black are eagerly sought by my lady. Beaver skins, once a regular medium of currency, are no longer marketed in the lower peninsula, but the scarcity makes the price of furs much greater than when the fur trade led equal to the auto industry of today.

Thanks to Mrs. Harrison Soule of Ann Arbor we are in receipt of the following correction and additional data. She says: "I notice in Volume V, p. 392, the name of the first woman graduate of the University of Michigan. The name should be Madeline Stockwell,—later Mrs. Turner. Her father was Prof. Stockwell of Albion College. She was taken by death in her early life. Her stepfather was Dr. Johnson. My home in early life was in Albion and I knew the mother and daughter."

THE Midwinter meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society which was held January 20 at Ypsilanti under the auspices of the Michigan State Normal College, and jointly with the Fifth Mid-Year Educational Conference, proved to be one of the most interesting and best attended meetings in the history of the Society. The large hall in the College where the sessions were held was crowded to overflowing at each session, and the spirit was one of marked interest in the history of the State on the part of the students at the College, all classes in history being dismissed in order to afford opportunity to hear the addresses and discussions.

Local arrangements were in charge of committees appointed by Prof. Carl Pray, head of the Department of History at the

College. The music, which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion was in charge of Mrs. Aurelia Erickson, Supervisor of Music in the Ypsilanti Public Schools; especially enjoyed were the vocal solos by Mrs. George Wortley and the violin solos by Mr. Edward Mosher.

Prof. Arthur Lyon Cross of the University of Michigan discussed the subject, "Is county history worth while?" in a paper which will later appear in the Michigan History Magazine. "The Peopling of Michigan" was the subject of an informal talk by Prof. Carl Pray, who has done considerable research along the line of foreign immigration to Michigan and the United States. Secretary Fuller of the State Historical Commission reviewed the year's work in State history and set forth the purposes and aims of the two state organizations specially devoted to this end. "The State Pioneer Museum in its new home" was presented by Mrs. Ferrey, Curator of the Museum, in a paper characterized by her usual wit and charm. An illustrated lecture by Prof. W. B. Hinsdale of the State University was one of the specially pleasant features of the day, dealing with primitive man in Michigan, an address which under the skillful handling by Prof. Hinsdale is ever new and always entertaining. An address by Prof. Carl O. Sauer, also of the University, was given in Pease Auditorium, on "The Geography of Michigan in its settlement and development." Altogether the program, the music, and the general spirit of the meeting were a credit to the College and to the participating State organizations.

The next midwinter meeting will be held under the auspices of the Western State Normal College at Kalamazoo.

MR. HORACE E. BURT writes from 5819 Blackstone Ave., Chicago: "I find some very interesting matter in the Michigan History Magazine just at hand. The article by Mrs. Felt of Mason is one of peculiar interest as

she was a Calkins. My mother was Lydia Jane Calkins, daughter of Hiram and Abagail Calkins, who settled in Macomb County at Mt. Vernon between 1824 and 1835,—about the time my grandfather, Wm. A. Burt, died.

"In Mr. F. H. VanCleve's article I notice the mention of the first project for an ore carrying railroad in 1856 or 1857 between Marquette and Escanaba. It was a line surveyed by my father, Austin Burt, as engineer. I was one of the party, as a chain-man.

"I was much interested in Mr. Sawyer's article. He seems to be a 'live wire' and as President of the State Pioneer and Historical Society ought to have his wish gratified in the construction of the proposed new building for housing the valuable Collections of historical relics in the present Museum and providing suitable quarters for the Society and Commission. One can not read your 'Notes and Comments' without feeling the richer and prouder of having been a Wolverine born and reared."

MR. BYRON A. FINNEY of Ann Arbor says in a letter to the editor: "It is now nine years that the Chapel Hill School, a district school seventeen miles southeast of Cassopolis, Mich., has held annual reunions of its former pupils. It is located on a hill near a place called Union, and eight miles from a railroad. Near by it are two churches, or chapels.

"Early last summer I was asked by Mr. Chas. O. Harmon, Cor. Sec'y of the Reunion, who had learned that I was a schoolmate of Carleton, to attend the reunion and give some reminiscences on the program, and they would pay my expenses. It seems that Will Carleton had taught that school while he was a student at Hillsdale College, during the winter of 1867-8. They treasure a school record in his hand, and have his picture on the wall.

"I answered that I was expecting to visit relatives in Elkhart during the summer, and could drive that way on Aug. 9th, as well as not, and would be glad to give them something on the program, and would ask no remuneration.

"The affair came off as announced, and was a great success. There were 126 automobiles and a dozen or more horse-drawn vehicles. The interest in this reunion of the old pupils of the little wooden schoolhouse was great. Mr. Harmon has made up and printed a list of over 400 old scholars of the school now living, with their addresses. They have built adjoining the woodshed a speaker's platform which will be enclosed during the coming year, and efforts will be made to keep up reunion in the future."

Mr. Finney adds in a postscript:

"The committee planted a 'Carleton Tree' on the grounds. It was furnished by the Greening nursery of Monroe, whose representative took a picture of it, including those, eleven of them, who had attended the school when taught by Carleton, and I was asked to stand in, to make out the dozen. The tree was a Norway Maple."

LESS than a year ago ground was broken for the World War memorial wing of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society's building, located on the university campus at Columbus. The addition will cost approximately $120,000. With the construction of this annex, all records and relics of Ohio men who served their country during the last conflict will be displayed there.

Especial emphasis will be given to the historical records, these including the official work of the men from the time they were called by the draft boards to the day they were discharged. Personal relics brought back from France, among which is the Eddie Rickenbacker collection, will also find prominent locations in the addition, which will probably be

finished during the year. Even with this added amount of space, the society will still be forced to store many of its interesting data and collections.

One of the features will be a memorial room honoring the soldiers of Ohio. However, plans for this are not completed, although it is thought a series of panels, picturing the story of the World War throughout all stages, will be placed around the walls of the room. Patriotic statues will be especially cast and these will be used at the entrances.

MRS. L. VICTOR SEYDEL of Grand Rapids, State Regent D. A. R. very graciously responded to our request for a report of the work of the Daughters in Michigan. She writes:

The 4,400 Michigan members of the Daughters of the American Revolution have not been idle during the past year, as indicated by the raising of over $10,000 for the promotion of their work.

Brief mention of some of the good works benefited by this sum may be of interest. The sum of $200 went into the Near East Fund. The Serbian and French war orphans and other sufferers were not forgotten, the Ann Arbor chapter alone selling French laces to the amount of nearly $1,200. The American Legion received over $200.

More than $500 went to the three national causes—the Immigrant Manual, the Pilgrim Mothers' Memorial Fountain, and a Painting to be presented to France.

The two splendid Americanization agencies—the American International College, at Springfield, Mass., and the Schauffler Training School at Cleveland, Ohio, received over $1,000.

A number of southern schools were remembered, and various industries fostered. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Detroit Chapter has conducted a shop for the marketing of foreign women's handwork. Particular stress

was also laid this year on the handicraft of our own Michigan Indians.

At least twenty-five large flags were presented, and hundreds of small ones. Small flags and large numbers of the American's Creed have been distributed at citizenship ceremonies, and on other appropriate occasions.

The chief province of the D. A. R. is in the realm of education, not alone of the alien on our shores, nor of those unfortunately situated, but of all Americans, that they may more thoroughly appreciate their sterling ancestry and their wonderful heritage; their unparalleled privileges, and their expanding duties in this favored land.

So, in the interests of all classes, such things as these have been done:

Prize essay contests conducted in the schools; teaching in night schools and kindergartens for foreigners, in some instances entirely under the auspices of the Chapters,—the Mt. Clemens Chapter, for instance, spending $246 for a night school; loan funds created for worthy pupils in the University of Michigan and M. A. C.; pageants produced; more wholesome moving pictures demanded; early history collected, and sixteen graves of Revolutionary soldiers located; historical sites marked by boulders and tablets,—the Ionia Chapter expending $374 on a boulder drinking fountain marking the former Indian village.

Of course the children of Republic Clubs have continued to grow and prosper during the year. Occasionally too a chapter's activities for the youth of the community takes the form of aid to Fresh Air Camps, the Boy Scouts, or as in Menominee to a wonderful Boys' Club which the Chapter sponsors, and the equipment of which, valued at $5,000, the Chapter owns. Other direct benefits to the life of communities may be seen in Howell, where the chapter finances the historical room of the Public Library; and at Owosso, where the Chapter has presented a Log Cabin Museum to the city.

Memorial Continental Hall, at Washington, D. C., the pride

of all the Daughters of the country, has been enriched by the following contributions from Michigan during the year: 76 books and numerous pamphlets and manuscripts; a Massachusetts newspaper 124 years old; some rare old china, including a cup and saucer used in Massachusetts when George Washington was a guest.

One line of effort which is just in its infancy is the planting of memorial trees; already the Allegan Chapter has planted sixty, each bearing a name plate.

From this short and partial summary of the year's achievements, it will be readily seen that while this organization casts a long backward glance to the early heroes of this great Republic, it is also eagerly and intelligently concerned about the present and future citizenship of our America, "Sweet Land of Liberty."

OWOSSO D. A. R. members have completed the equipment of their log cabin near the gasoline station on Main Street, and are hostesses every Saturday afternoon to the public. The cabin is filled with valuable relics and articles of historical interest which have been gathered by the organization during the years since the charter was granted. Two members are in charge each Saturday afternoon.

The coziness and warmth radiating from the open fire are at once a welcome and mark of good cheer to the guests, a record of whose visits is kept in the log, presented to the Daughters by one of the members.

Among the relics is found an atlas of Shiawassee County which was printed by F. W. Beers in 1875; a dollar bill issued by the Bank of Shiawassee in 1864, at which time J. Hutchinson was the president and W. Clark the cashier. An old hymn book contains the hymn which was sung in 1835 at the funeral of Kilburn Bedell, whose funeral was the first one ever held in Owosso.

The old spinning wheel attracts the visitor's eye. One show case is devoted to relics brought home by soldiers, not only from the early wars of this country, but by the boys of the World War. In another case is found the military apparel worn by Colonel Colt in the Seminole War in 1835-40. The wedding slippers of Col. Colt's wife are also in this case.

The Log cabin was the second house built in Owosso. It was the home of Judge and Mrs. Comstock, who lived in it for many years. Their photographs stand on the mantlepiece above the fireplace. As the first house built in Owosso is not standing yet, the Log cabin is the oldest building in the city. The Daughters of the American Revolution have had the site of the first house marked with a boulder.

In the first house, Mrs. Mary E. Shout, now of Corunna, lived. In the Log cabin are to be found many priceless gifts presented to the Daughters by Mrs. Shout, who was an artist of marked ability. One of these gifts is a painting executed by Mrs. Shout after she had passed her 80th birthday. It is a painting of the first log cabin which was her home.

On the second floor of the cabin the regent has started a collection of valuable antiques. One of these is a mammoth frame containing a beautiful seed flower picture. This was taken from the home of Mrs. Sophia Laubengayer and was the work of Mrs. Shout.

As the guest comes down stairs preparatory to taking her departure she is asked to rest before the fireplace in a Bacon chair which is over 100 years old.—Lansing *State Journal.*

MR. DANIEL STRANGE of Grand Ledge writes, respecting his experience in preparing his paper published in this issue:

"Fifteen years ago the matter was agitated of making the Eaton County Pioneer Society an Historical Society with a county historian and assistants in every township to gather

from oldest residents their memory of early incidents. Geo. A. Perry, who had been a most efficient secretary of our society for many years, was elected Historian but very soon thereafter he removed from the State and naught was done toward compiling a History. The writer was elected Historian in 1921 and lo, those who could have furnished necessary facts fifteen years ago are "sleeping their last sleep." If any person now living has personal recollection of the early settlement of the county, he is over ninety years of age and his memory uncertain. That source of information is closed forever. It only remains to make compilation of such facts as I may be able to gather from other sources, primarily the records of the Society."

A typical lament. It has special significance for the newer parts of our State.

THE Baptists of Niles, Michigan, last October appropriately celebrated the centennial of the founding of the Carey Mission, a commemoration declared by those in attendance to have been an experience full of memories, reverence, pride and happiness. The site of the Mission is located about a mile and a quarter straight west of the Baptist Church in Niles. To quote a portion of the account from *The Michigan Baptist* of December, 1922:

On October 9, 1822, Isaac McCoy, a Baptist missionary at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and a group of a few faithful followers started out to establish an Indian mission in what is now southern Michigan. After traveling for more than one hundred miles through the woods with hardly a trail to follow, with lots of mud as much of the time it rained, with Indians lurking around and enduring hardships that all pioneers endured, on October 19th this little band chose the site mentioned above for their mission. The next day divine services were held and on the following day earnest work began. Trees

were cut and log cabins built. McCoy named the mission Carey in memory of the great English missionary.

After a month McCoy returned to Fort Wayne for his wife, Christiana, and their family, for the families of the workers and other interested people. It took a month to make the trip and again on the nineteenth of the month, this time December, McCoy arrived at Carey mission.

By spring fifty acres had been cleared and corn and wheat were planted which gave an abundant harvest. A blacksmith shop and gristmill which served patrons for miles around as years went by, were built. More land was cleared, hogs and cattle were raised and Carey mission proved a good investment agriculturally.

As years sped by the mission formed the beginning of the present city of Niles, although the city lies to the east of the mission. It was a foundation of which the city has a just right to be proud. This mission was the first Protestant work among southern Michigan Indians, the closest other ones being at Fort Wayne and a little later one in Grand Rapids,—each more than a hundred miles away.

With the progress westward of the white man came the ever-persistent bootlegger who undid much of McCoy's successful labor. So after ten years McCoy decided to abandon the Carey mission and go still farther west to the present Kansas and Oklahoma. Here he performed a magnificent piece of work, both for the Indians and the nation. Several trips were made to Washington in the interests of the Redmen and finally territory was set aside exclusively for their use. While the Carey mission itself was given up, its influence has spread, no one can tell how far, and still permeates the entire region.

The centennial celebration opened auspiciously in the parlors of the church October 19th when a splendid dinner was served to more than a hundred people. Afterwards all adjourned to the auditorium to hear the initial address of the celebration delivered by Dr. H. P. Klyver, state convention

pastor. He spoke upon the subject of "What We Owe the Past," dwelling with particular emphasis upon our present-day institutions that are the result, not of the thought and labor of the twentieth century, but the legacy of those exploits of great faith and love for man in days of long ago.

Tenth Annual Report of the Michigan Historical Commission, 1922

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 1, 1923.

To the Honorable Alexander J. Groesbeck,
Governor of Michigan:

In accord with Sec. 9 of Act No. 271, Public Acts of 1913, we have the honor to submit to you herewith the tenth annual report of the Michigan Historical Commission covering the period from January 1 to December 31, 1922.

Very respectfully yours,
CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE,
AUGUSTUS C. CARTON,
CLARENCE M. BURTON,
WILLIAM L. JENKS,
WILLIAM F. MURPHY,
WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS.

Following is the financial statement covering the fiscal year July 1, 1921 to June 30, 1922:

Total amount of appropriation for fiscal year ending June 30, 1922		$15,630 00
Expenditures from appropriation for fiscal year:		
Personal Service	$8,996 76	
Supplies	7,137 18	
Contractual Service	1,090 46	
Outlay for Equipment	224 66	
Total disbursements		$17,449 06
Total amount overdrawn		$1,819 66

In behalf of the people of Michigan, realizing the meaning of the history of this commonwealth for their future and for the promotion of their immediate welfare, we desire to express our thanks to Governor Groesbeck and his Administration

for the excellent manner in which they have helped forward the work of the Commission, especially in providing fire-proof quarters for the offices and Museum.

The Archives Division now has over a half million loose documents, and about two thousand volumes of bound records, together with a large collection of printed materials, consisting chiefly of materials from the Governor's Office, the Board of State Auditors, the Insurance Department, the Pardon Board, and the historical records covering a half century of work of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

Among these are valuable papers. The documents from the Governor's Office cover the period from 1812 to 1920, consisting of commissions, correspondence, election materials, extradition papers, legislative matters, petitions, proclamations, records, vouchers, and miscellaneous papers, relating to Michigan's part in each war and to the numerous economic, social and political questions in time of peace.

The records of the Board of Auditors begin in 1842, and consist of account books, binding records, records of claims, contracts, correspondence, records of transactions of the board, vouchers, and miscellaneous matters.

The materials from the Insurance Department date back to 1859, and consist chiefly of account books, annual statements of insurance companies, appointment of attorneys on whom processes of law may be served, certificates of authority to transact business, certificates of deposit, correspondence, and vouchers.

The Pardon Board records are all in bound volumes, consisting mainly of letter copying books, volumes of indeterminate sentence, Judges' statements, parole books, and pardon record books.

The materials of the Pioneer Society and Historical Commission are chiefly manuscript and typewritten articles and books on historical subjects, U. S. Census records, scrapbooks, collections of private letters and papers, printed books and

pamphlets, newspapers and newspaper clippings, periodicals, and a large and valuable collection of rare maps.

Most of the older public records are naturally in very bad condition when they come into our hands, some worn through at the folds, many of them mutilated, scarcely legible and most of them covered with "the dust of ages."

We are now engaged in classifying the archives from each office into series, divisions, and sub-divisions; cleaning and pressing the papers; repairing those needing repair; filing them in folders and dust-proof boxes for permanent preservation; indexing them, to make them available for public purposes and for students of history; and when this is accomplished we shall be able to locate any one of these documents on a moment's notice.

We are now working on the records from the Governor's Office. Our chief need is equipment and man power. We have at present equipment enough to care for only about 60,000 documents. Our cases consist of old-fashioned book-shelving borrowed from the old State Library; better than nothing, but it does not answer the needs. The shelves were intended for books and are too narrow for document fileboxes; they entail necessarily a considerable waste of space on each shelf. Even of this shelving we have not enough to go far.

At present most of the records of the Insurance Department are stacked on the floor in a vault and a large number of records and maps are in the storeroom on the Mezzinine floor, causing much waste of time in searching for documents. The archives room and the vaults should be equipped with modern steel cases adapted to modern archival needs.

We need also modern archival fileboxes and folders, some work tables, letter presses, book trucks, and miscellaneous equipment.

With this proper equipment we could function more efficiently and be of larger and prompter service to the various departments, boards and commissions.

The Archivist needs at least one assistant. Archival work

requires much time and labor, we now have on hand enough documents to keep two men busy for some years, not to speak of the new accessions of documents which come in each day.

Besides the documents coming to us from Lansing, there is the vast mass of material which the Commission was organized to care for, by Sec. 5 of its creative act, where it is made its duty "to collect from State, county, city, village and township offices such records, files, documents, books and papers as are not less than thirty years old, and are not in current use, and are, in the opinion of the Commission, valuable only for historical purposes."

While it probably would not be desirable to take over any of these records bodily, it would be desirable to have copies made of the most valuable portion of them, which would make a large mass of material to properly accommodate.

The demand for the information in all these documents will increase as the years go by, and the Commission desires to act for their preservation before these documents are destroyed. It is a patent fact that there is scarcely a county in Michigan where these valuable records are not open to destruction by fire and other agencies. Especially is this true of the priceless files of early newspapers scattered throughout the State in private hands or non-fireproof depositories.

The Commission feels it a duty to present this condition and urge the need of increasingly careful attention to the original sources of information for the State's history.

In many states not more rich in physical resources nor more public spirited than Michigan, ample fire-proof buildings have been erected specially to hold and make available the archives of the State, and we trust that the time is not distant when financial conditions will enable Michigan to follow their example.

During the calendar year 1922 the Commission has published two volumes of Michigan Bibliography, comprising over 1200 pages of printed and manuscript materials, indispensable

not only to the professional investigator but to citizens in every line of work in search of information about Michigan, upon any one of thousands of subjects.

This work covers the titles of all printed materials, maps, atlases relating directly to Michigan included in the Library of Congress, the Detroit Public Library, the Grand Rapids Public Library, the Michigan State Library, the General Library of the University of Michigan, experiment station bulletins in the Library of the Michigan Agricultural College, and the maps in the Port Huron Public Library and Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin,—also the manuscript materials in the Burton Historical Collection,—all Michigan materials accessioned in these libraries before July 1, 1917.

These sources have provided the work with over 8,600 entries, including a thousand maps and atlases and two thousand volumes of manuscript. It is planned to cover in supplementary volumes much of the materials in newspapers, magazines, books of exploration and travel and items in many other classes of publications, together with materials in other libraries and scattered materials from the general field.

The volumes are provided with an elaborate cross-referenced index by subject and author, and each item referred to is accompanied with indication of the library or libraries in which it may be consulted.

Copies of the volumes have been placed free, according to statute, in every public library of the State and in every school library where they could be of service.

During the year four numbers of the Michigan History Magazine have been published, comprising over 700 pages, with the following articles:

The Trial and Execution of the Lincoln Conspirators, by Judge R. A. Watts.
Some Marriages in Old Detroit, by Hon. William Renwick Riddell.
Women and History, by Mrs. Franc L. Adams.
Michigan as a Field for the Novelist, by Arnold Mulder.
Chief Okemos, by Dr. F. N. Turner.

A Record of the Development of the Grand Rapids Americanization Society's Plan of Citizenship Training Through the Ballot, by Frank L. Dykema.
William Austin Burt: Inventor, by Horace Eldon Burt.
The Chicago Indian Treaty of 1821, by Sue I. Silliman.
Old Veterans' Stories, by Lansing Lodge, Sons of Veterans.
Michilimackinac (Poem), by Warren W. Lamport.
How White Lake Was Named, by Kenneth G. Smith.
Rix Robinson, Fur Trader, by Miss Mary F. Robinson.
Incidents of Pioneer Life, by Mrs. Alzina Calkins Felt.
Peter White, by James Russell.
Assinins and Zeba, by Francis Jacker.
Ho! Gogebic County! by Charles R. Cobb.
In Memory, by Charles J. Johnson.
My Early Days in Hastings, by M. L. Cook.
Mary F. Thomas, M. D., Richmond, Ind., by Mrs. Pauline T. Heald.
Benton Harbor College and Its President, Dr. George J. Edgcumbe, by Mrs. Victoria C. Edgcumbe.
Source Material of the Detroit Public Library as supplied by the Acquisition of the Burton Historical Collection, by L. O. W.
What About Michigan, by Alvah L. Sawyer.
What About Michigan Archeology? by Geo. R. Fox.
Dutch Journalism in Michigan, by Henry Beets.
How We Got the R. F. D., by J. H. Brown.
Railroads of Delta County, by F. H. VanCleve.
The Indian as an Orator, by R. Clyde Ford.
Early Days in the Upper Peninsula, by T. A. Felch.
The Michigan Club, by Henry A. Haigh.
The Adventures of Alexander Henry, by Stanley Newton.
Chief Pokagon and His Book, by Fred Dustin.
Some Place Names of Hillsdale County, by Archie M. Turrell.
Reminiscences of Will Carleton, by Byron A. Kinney.
Christmas Day Near Savannah in Wartime, by Charles E. Belknap.
The Underground Railroad, by Mrs. Martha D. Aiken.
Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, by Sister M. Celestine.
Michigan's First Justice of the Peace, by William W. Potter.
The Beginnings of Dutch Immigration to Western Michigan, 1846, by Henry S. Lucas.
A Brief History of the Geological and Biological Survey of Michigan, by R. C. Allen and Helen M. Martin.

A prize essay contest was conducted during the year among students in the schools of Michigan, in co-operation with the State Department of Public Instruction, the Daughters of the American Revolution of Michigan, and the State Federation of Women's Clubs, on the subject, "Origin of Place Names in Our County."

This contest has been conducted annually since 1916. Its

purpose is to encourage the interest of young people in local and State history.

Subjects in the contest have been "The Settlement and development of the city or town in which the essay is written" —"The First school and the children who attended it"—"Our soldiers, past and present"—"What our school (or county) has done to help win the war"—"The Life and service of distinguished men and women in our county"—"Lessons from the pioneers."

The subject for this year is, "A Treasure hunt," to stimulate research in the homes, offices, and public and private archives for historical evidence, such as old letters, diaries, pictures of local scenes, early newspapers and other products of the local press, papers of public men, relics of pioneer life, etc., illustrating the industrial, educational, financial, domestic and business development of communities.

The prize essays have been published each year by the Historical Commission. It is notable that students in small schools have been very successful in these contests.

Further to encourage the local historical interest of young people, the Commission has co-operated with the Department of Public Instruction in forming Junior History Clubs in the schools, with definite programs of work. Its work in this line is fully discussed in the October number of the Michigan History Magazine.

The distribution of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections to schools has been handicapped by lack of funds to build boxes in which to ship these volumes. Some 40,000 volumes are now on hand, awaiting shipment. In the 1923-5 budget we have asked for sufficient funds to move them.

The Commission is carrying out systematically plans for cultivating popular interest in local history, through the schools, the women's clubs, the D. A. R. chapters, the public libraries, the local press. Many local newspapers now carry an "Historical Column," and exchange with the Historical Commission for the Michigan History Magazine, which enables

us to keep in touch with local progress and to distribute the historical news of the State through the Magazine and the general press.

The handling of newspapers in large numbers for this purpose is a time-consuming task, but highly profitable for the creation of historical mindedness in the general public. Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa have special clerks in charge of this work, which includes the filing and care of the newspapers received and the preparation of a news bulletin for the press.

The Commission has encouraged the public libraries of the State to set aside a "Michigan Room" with stacks and museum freely open for the public to read and study. Here are gathered not only historical books of reference for the large background of State and national history, but books, pamphlets, reports, maps and atlasses, and museum articles relating to the details of local and State history.

Loans and gifts from local families make a large part of these collections. They stimulate interest in collecting, and are an important aid to school work. Popular talks based on the exhibits by local patrons help to create a "mass mind" of historical atmosphere for the appreciation of the past life of the community and to stir the imagination and quicken the spirit of enterprise for the future. The study of local and contemporary biography is specially encouraged in this work.

The Commission has encouraged also the marking of historic sites and the celebration of historic events in communities by giving direction and advice and furnishing information for historical pageants, in the belief that bestowal of honor upon the old landmarks and the observance of past events contributes much to historic consciousness with its reactions for civic betterment.

To further this work the Commission has urged the people in the counties to take advantage of the legislative provisions authorizing the sum of $400 to be raised annually in every

county for marking historic sites and promoting the interests of local history. A special field worker is needed to take charge of this work, who should move systematically from county to county, organize the work and give it personal and direct attention.

In connection with this, more systematic work than is now possible ought to be done towards preserving the archeological and ethnological remains in Michigan. Other western states are far in advance of Michigan in this respect, notably the States of Wisconsin and Iowa. The eastern states are still further in advance. No State in the Union is richer than Michigan in relics of its former occupation by the American Indians. But the evidences of Indian trails, sites of villages, planting grounds and battles are fast disappearing. Many of the mounds have been dug up and their contents dispersed. The mounds which remain should be located and preserved. The Commission is doing what it can to create popular interest in preserving these objects, but really effective work will require a field worker, as in other states.

The Commission has assisted the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society along these lines. During the year three conventions of that organization were held, at Mt. Pleasant, Lansing and Mackinac. The Society now has over a thousand members, including every county in the State. These meetings have resulted in focusing popular interest upon the State's historical work and advancing it by renewal of impulse especially in the communities where the conventions were held and in those which sent delegates.

Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer of Menominee is president and William L. Jenks of Port Huron vice-president; among the trustees are representatives of three of the State Normal Schools; the midwinter meeting 1923 will be held under the auspices of the State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

Affiliated with this organization are the county historical societies, which are showing increased activity under the general program of getting away from the idea of social

gatherings to collecting historical material and systematizing their work along lines indicated by the State Society and the Historical Commission.

The work which the Commission has been doing in the national archives at Washington, jointly with the states of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, listing all national documents relating to the history of Michigan and the middle western states, has been concerned during the year 1922 mainly with the Postoffice Department, General Land Office and Senate Files. Following is a list of documents to be added to those already given, published in the January numbers of the Michigan History Magazine for 1919-20-21.

Dept.	Series	Date	Card No.		
Postoffice	Contract Office Letters received.....	1855-1861	19549-23637	Scattered	numbers
"	Establishment of Postoffices.....		1- 592		
"	" "		593- 1646		
"	" "		1647- 2827		
"	" "		2828- 3831		
General Land Office	Letter Books—Surveyor General.....	1796-1856	1- 2981	Scattered	numbers
"		1856-1874	2985- 6755	"	"
"	" "	1874-1901	6756-10398	"	"
"	Miscellaneous Letters	1796-1832	1- 2459	"	"
"	" "	1832-1856	2463- 7943	"	"
"	" "	1852-1856	7944-11936	"	"
Senate Files		1789-1833	1- 2367	"	"

The work on the "History of Michigan in the Great War" undertaken by the Michigan War Board and entrusted to the direction of the secretary of the Michigan Historical Commission is nearing completion. The collecting of material is practically finished, and includes the records of both the military and civilian work done by Michigan in the war. The volume on "Military Honors of Michigan Men" is practically ready for the printer. Only the delay by the Department of Navy in completing its lists prevents the immediate completion of a second volume, "Michigan's Gold Star Honor Roll."

Much of the narrative text of the history is now in manuscript form. Such subjects as the following are dealt with in these chapters: The United States' Administration in Michigan including the Draft act, railroads, telegraph, industrial plants, food and fuel administrations and other activities of the Federal Government, also the work of the State Government in the war, including the Legislature, the War Preparedness Board and activities of the several State Departments. Under Michigan's military contribution is treated the National Guard—32nd Division; the Draft act in operation—Camp Custer and the 85th and 14th Divisions; the Regular Army—Michigan men in the United States Marines of the 2d Division; the Navy—Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Naval Militia and Coast Guard; aviation—Selfridge Field; Hospital Service—Doctors, surgeons and nurses; Michigan's contribution to the world's food supply; financing the war—the five Liberty Loans; mining in Michigan; manufacturing for war purposes. The war relief work includes among other topics the American Red Cross; Y. M. C. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Knights of Columbus; Young Men's Hebrew Association; Salvation Army; Women's Relief Corps; G. A. R., etc. The war work of the educational institutions is considered, including the University, Michigan Agricultural College, other Colleges of the State, and the Public Schools. The war work of the State press is given a separate chapter. The narrative text will make two volumes. In addition there will be two volumes of selected documents, making in all a six-volume history of Michigan in the war, approximating 3,000 pages.

New Supporting Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Enrolled Since Jan. 1922

Alpena:
McPhee, Mr. M., Alpena
Rayburn, Mr. Robert H., Alpena

Baraga:
Anderson, C. H., L'Anse
Anderson, Mrs. C. H., L'Anse
Clyne, Mrs. Peter, L'Anse
Hillyer, L. G., Baraga
Johnson, Andrew, L'Anse

Bay:
Merrill, Francis H., Bay City
Westoner, Fred C., Bay City

Berrien:
Banyon, Mr. Willard J., Benton Harbor
Downey, Mrs. W. D., Benton Harbor
McDonald, James, Benton Harbor
Pardee, Myrta O., Three Oaks

Calhoun:
Blanchard, Rev. Charles E., Marshall
Frink, Mrs. Norris J., Marshall
Johnson, George A., Marshall
Loud, Mr. Edward R., Albion
Shattuck, Mrs. Claude J., Albion
Stuart, Frank A., Marshall
Wiegmink, Mr. Henry J. A., Battle Creek

Charlevoix:
Nettleton, Mrs. Rosamond, Charlevoix
Paddock, Mrs. R. W., Charlevoix

Cheboygan:
Robertson, Mrs. William P., Mackinaw City

Chippewa:
Adams, Robert N., Sault Ste. Marie
Adams, John N., Sault Ste. Marie
Flynn, Mrs. M. J., Neebish
Newton, Stanley D., Sault Ste. Marie
Old, John P., Sault Ste. Marie
Sabin, Mr. Louis C., Sault Ste. Marie
Warner, Mr. Frank R., Sault Ste. Marie

Clare:
Hitchcock, Mrs. Alice, Farwell
Lamb, Mrs. G. E., Farwell
Littlefield, Mr. Josiah L., Farwell
Palmer, Mrs. Nellie Day, Farwell

Clinton:
Scott, Dr. Walter A., St. Johns

Delta:
Beggs, Lyman M., Escanaba
Brotherton, Mr. D. A., Escanaba
Buckbee, Mr. Cleever, Escanaba
Byrns, J. E., Escanaba
Clark, Mr. C. A., Gladstone
Clark, Mr. Wm. J., Escanaba
Hupy, Phil., Gladstone
McNaughton, Mrs. Carrie L., Escanaba
Mallmann, Joseph J., Escanaba
Norman, Elmer, Escanaba
Oliver, David A., Escanaba

Dickinson:
Unger, Mr. Isaac, Iron Mountain
Unger, Mrs. Mary V., Iron Mountain

Eaton:
McPeek, Hon. R. R., Charlotte

Emmet:
Bradley, Mr. Benton B., Harbor Springs

Genesee:
Failing, Mr. James H., Flint
Smith, Mrs. E. C., Jr., Flint

Gratiot:
French, Mr. Frank E., Elwell

Hillsdale:
Turrell, Mrs. M. F., Hillsdale

Houghton:
Ball, Mrs. Dan H., Houghton

Huron:
Armitage, Dr. C. W., Harbor Beach
Burgess, James A., Bad Axe
Burhans, Mr. William D., Harbor Beach

Ingham:
Foster, Walter S., Lansing
Foster, Seymour, Lansing
Harper, H. F., Lansing
Hartzog, W. B., Mason
McArthur, Louis B., Mason
Zimmerman, Mrs. Nellie, Lansing

Iron:
Boyington, Miss Gladys, Iron River
Byers, Mr. Isaac W., Iron River
Gribble, Mr. William J., Crystal Falls
Hill, W. D., Crystal Falls
Moriarty, Mr. M. H., Crystal Falls
Rezin, William H., Crystal Falls
Rogers, Chas. M., Crystal Falls

Jackson:
Fleming, Mrs. Dean S., Jackson
Foote, Mrs. W. A., Jackson
Kline, Walter D., Jackson
Warner, Mrs. E. R., Jackson

Kalamazoo:
Balch, James B., Kalamazoo
Carlton, S. H., Kalamazoo
Crane, Mrs. Bartlett, Kalamazoo
Earl, Otis A., Kalamazoo
Jones, William O., Kalamazoo
Sears, Harold R., Kalamazoo
Strong, Wilfred, Kalamazoo

Kent:
Belknap, Charles E., Grand Rapids
Bettes, Miss Lucy M., Grand Rapids
Cornelius, Mrs. Louis A., Grand Rapids
Emery, Mr. John G., Grand Rapids
Flaherty, Mrs. John T., Grand Rapids
Gansser, Capt. Emil B., Grand Rapids
Greeson, William A., Grand Rapids
Haan, Mr. G. J., Grand Rapids
Hill, Mrs. Stella Richmond C., Grand Rapids
Hofma, L., Grand Rapids
Hopkins, Flora Bell, Grand Rapids
Jewett, Miss Carrie B., Grand Rapids
King, Mrs. Addie May, Grand Rapids
Robinson, Miss Frances T., Grand Rapids
Robinson, Mrs. M. E., Grand Rapids
Stowe, Mr. Ernest A., Grand Rapids
Widdicomb, Mr. William, Grand Rapids

Lenawee:
Baldwin, Mr. Clarke E., Adrian
Boies, Mr. A. H., Hudson
Dean, Mrs. Alfred K., Addison
Foster, Byron J., Hudson

Livingston:
Erwin, Della M., Howell

Mackinac:
Chambers, Mrs. Catherine M., St. Ignace
Donelly, Henry P., Mackinac Island
Doud, Mr. Michael, Mackinac Island
Hoban, Amanda, Mackinac Island
O'Brien, Mr. James H., Mackinac Island

Macomb:
Eldredge, Robert F., Mt. Clemens
Fenton, Walter G., Mt. Clemens

Marquette:
Button, Mr. Charles F., Marquette
Felch, Dr. Theodore A., Ishpeming
Johnson, Dr. Charles J., Marquette
Jopling, James E., Marquette
Koch, Mrs. Onota S., Marquette
Maas, Mrs. Rose, Negaunee
Melhinch, Miss Luella A., Marquette
Miller, Mr. Albert E., Marquette
Sheldon, Horace W., Negaunee

Mason:
Hawley, Mr. Harold H., Ludington
Martin, Dr. Webster C., Scottville

Mecosta:
Hanchett, Mr. Valney H., Big Rapids
Hanchett, Louis B., Big Rapids
Nisbett, William P., Big Rapids
Zetterstedt, Dr. A., Big Rapids

Menominee:
Daniell, Edward, Menominee
Nadeau, Howard E., Menominee
O'Hara, John J., Menominee
Roper, Mrs. Jessie P., Menominee

Muskegon:
Barcus, William W., Muskegon
Galpin, Harris E., Muskegon

Oakland:
Dondero, George A., Royal Oak
Kidder, Mrs. A. K., Royal Oak
Wells, Mr. Ross V., Pontiac

Osceola:
Smither, Mr. Jacob, Marion

Ottawa:
Den Herder, C. J., Zeeland
Drukker, Rev. D. R., Zeeland
Roosenraad, Mr. C., Zeeland
Steketee, Mr. B., Holland

Saginaw:
Buck, Fred, Saginaw
Koehler, Mrs. C. A., Saginaw
Linton, Mr. William S., Saginaw

Saint Clair:
Bennett, Albert D., Port Huron
Cady, Mr. Burt D., Port Huron
Fish, Frederick A., Port Huron
MacTaggart, Mr. David, Port Huron
Munday, Rev. John, Port Huron
Schupholm, Mr. Thomas S., Port Huron
Stockwell, Charles B., Port Huron
Wright, Harry H., Port Huron

Saint Joseph:
Benjamin, Mr. J. Murray, White Pigeon
Fletcher, Mrs. Francis L., Mendon
White, Frederick M., Centerville

Schoolcraft:
LeRoy, Mr. A. M., Manistique
Hixson, Mr. Virgil I., Manistique

Tuscola:
Jackson, Mrs. N. H., Wahjamega
Park, Miss Margaret M., Caro

Van Buren:
Twentieth Century Club, Bangor

Washtenaw:
Burt, Mrs. Anna L. O., Ann Arbor
Davidson, Mr. W. F., Ann Arbor
MacKenzie, R. G., Ann Arbor
Newton, Charles T., Ypsilanti
Patterson, George W., Ann Arbor
Phillips, Mrs. Charles H., Ann Arbor
Pray, Prof. Carl E., Ypsilanti
Putnam, Miss Mary B., Ypsilanti
Rumsey, Mr. J. H., Ann Arbor
Skinner, Mrs. P. E., Ypsilanti
Soule, Mrs. Harrison, Ann Arbor

Wayne:
Bierkamp, Mary A., Detroit
Brownlee, Mrs. Blanche, Detroit
Burt, Jack William A., Detroit
Cottington, Mrs. L. George, Detroit
Dewey, Mr. F. S., Detroit
Dovering, Mrs. Michael, Ferndale, Detroit
Finney, Mr. J. W., Detroit
Fisher, Mr. Reynolds, Detroit
Getz, Mr. Philip, Strathmoor
Giefel, Mr. Wm. F., Detroit
Griffiths, Mrs. Albert A., Detroit
Hinchman, Miss Mary, Detroit

Hull, I. H., Detroit
Leete, Robert, Detroit
McClogan, Mrs. Cornelius C., Detroit
Michigan Catholic, Detroit
Power, Mary F., Detroit
Robertson, Mr. Charles R., Detroit
Root, Mrs. C. W., Plymouth
Smith, Mr. Hal H., Detroit
Sterling, Miss Carrie C., Detroit
Stevens, R. H. & M. T., Detroit
Warde, Mrs. J. E., Detroit
Weherle, Miss Juanita M., Detroit
Wood, Mr. John R., Detroit

Supporting Members Outside of State Added in 1922

Burt, Mr. Austin, Waterloo, Iowa
Burt, Mrs. Alvin C., Long Island, N. Y.
Burt, Mr. Lothrop M., Sheboygan, Wis.
Burt, Mrs. Curtis, Amador, California
Burt, Mr. Lee, San Diego, California
Chapin, Mr. Merrick W., Toledo, Ohio
Coyne, James H., Dr., St. Thomas, Ont., Canada
Deppe, Mr. Charles H., Cincinnati, Ohio
Ettinger, Mrs. Victor, St. Louis, Mo.
Gridley, Eleanor, Chicago, Ill.
Griffin, Mrs. C. C., Vinton, Iowa
Hack, Rachel and Burt H., Proctor, Vt.
Harper, Mrs. Maria, Riverside, California
Hatch, Mrs. F. D., McGregor, Iowa
McClear, Mr. I. L., Coeur D'Alene, Idaho
McGowan, Mrs. John Stewart, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Munro, Mrs. Dana C., Princeton, N. J.
Phillips, Mr. Howard H., Painted Post, N. Y.
Robb. Mr. Russell, Boston, Mass.
Sawyer, James H., Chicago, Ill.
Society of Descendants of Mich. Pioneers, New York, N. Y.
Strong, Mr. Horace Sherwin, Milwaukee, Wis.
Turrell, Mr. A. M., Honolulu, Hawaii

Decease of the following members of the Society has been reported since January, 1922:

*Barth, Very Rev. F. X., LL.D., Escanaba
Hayes, N. B., Muir
Hoyt, Mrs. Mary E., Kalamazoo
*Longyear, John Monroe, Marquette
Marsilje, Mr. Isaac, Holland
Messer, Chester, Hastings
Morse, Grant M., Portland
Northrup, Clarence L., Hurlock, Md.
*O'Brien, Rt. Rev. F. A., Kalamazoo
Post, Samuel, Ypsilanti
Soule, Major Harrison, Ann Arbor

Stone, Judge John W., Lansing
Thompson, Omar D., Romeo
*Van Dyke, Rev. Father Ernest, Detroit

*Honorary Members.

Donors and Their Gifts to the Pioneer Museum, State Office Building, From January 1, 1922, to January 1, 1923.

(List Made by Mrs. M. B. Ferrey, Curator)

1. Auditors, State Board of—Picture from Michigan Centennial Exposition of College, Seventh Day Adventists, Battle Creek, Mich.
2. Baker, Luther H.—Loaned the original copy of Lt. L. B. Baker's story "Capture J. Wilkes Booth; piece Booth's crutch in tin box; collapsible cup from which Booth took his last drink; bullet carried by War horse "Old Buckskin" through Civil War.
3. Davis, Mrs. Edith (Lansing)—Six small photos of the home of her grandfather Davis whose farm included the Reo Factory of today.
4. Davis, Mrs. Elvert M. (Grand Rapids)—Glass bottle and stopper; blue dish decorated with castle scene; plate marked Chang E. M. & Co. Edgemalkin & Co.
5. Ellett, John (Grand Ledge)—Large scales owned by his father who brought them from New Jersey to Ohio and then to his Michigan home. The scales date back to 1822.
6. Ferrey, Mrs. M. B. (Lansing)—China vase 2 inches high, decorated with small figure with wings, green; glass dog (broken) Bennington ware; yellow pie plate; syrup cup with metal tip; two glass lamps; glass salt and pepper shake, with metal standard; *Manual*, 1861, marked H. B. Shank; two glass bowls; two tin lanterns; skimmer; glass tumbler; foot stool; two framed pictures; three flat-iron stands; flour scoop; iron candlestick; glass dish; tin tea-pot; two glass pepper bottles; two vinegar bowls; round green glass dish; small statuette; carving fork; glass spoon holder; square glass dish.
7. Fisher, Mrs. Alma (Fowlerville)—Deed to her father E. D. Hale, 1837, to land in Hartland, Livingston County.
8. Gale, Mr. and Mrs. A. (Albion)—Delineators of Indian life and customs; flute ornamented by pyrography.
9. Gray, P. H. (Flint)—Two certificates for teachers. One given to Betsey Lyon, marked Ashfield, May 30th, 1811 and signed by Alvah Sanderson, pastor Congregational Church. The other a certificate from the town of Smithfield.
10. Haight, Chas. F. (Lansing)—Loaned a very large silver cross, found in an Indian cemetery in Montrose Township, Genesee County.
11. Hamblin, Myron B. (South Haven)—Infants' clothing made by hand by his mother, Mrs. Sarah Sterling Brooman, Queenstown, Canada, Jan. 2, 1855; two babies' long dresses; one pair cotton socks, open embroidery; gray silk wool with pink trimmings.
12. Hilton, N. B. (Manton)—Broken oval stone, weighing seven pounds.

13. Henderson, Mrs. A. J.—Photo of General Wolfe. Mrs. Henderson and mother were descendants of General Wolfe; vase, Dolton ware; yellow tray; one of the first Canadian cent pieces of 1921.
14. Hopkins, Mrs. Anna M. (Lansing)—Relics from Airship Roma which exploded off the coast of England, Feb. 21, 1922.
15. Ives, Col. Lucius H. and son Frank C. (Mason)—Loaned for six years Indian, pioneer, Civil and Spanish war relics.
16. Kenyon, Frank A. (Mackinac Island)—Framed picture of Governor Alex. J. Groesbeck. Iron spikes used to prevent climbing walls of Fort Mackinac; old gun cartridges.
17. Lawrence, Fred S. (Lansing)—History of First Presbyterian Church in Lansing, Mich. Compilation begun by father and completed by him.
18. Louis, O. F. (Bay City)—Ulster *Gazette* containing an account of General George Washington's death.
19. MacDonell, Mrs. N. S. (Houghton)—Doll with rubber head and leather shoes made before 1860 and owned by Cora Schoft, Ann Arbor.
20. Merrifield, Robert (Lansing)—Two china candle sticks; order given to his father E. R. Merrifield, Lt. 15th Infantry, Utica, Mich., dated Nov. 18, 1849; *State Journal* dated Jan. 4, 1909; photo of Mrs. E. R. Merrifield taken by "Imes" Lansing; bead pocket book from Mackinac; Ottoman, base mahogany, embroidered cover; oval oil painting of Grandfather John Thomas, first merchant of Lansing, painted by Detroit artist about 1850 in Farmington, Mich.
21. Montaven, Holly (Lansing)—Indian spear point.
22. Moore, Joseph B. (Lansing)—Scrap book; Zach. Chandler banquet ticket, Feb. 6, 1901; invitations to Exposition, Chicago, banquet at Detroit, Bar Association meeting, Feb. 4, 1901, Tom Palmer banquet, 1889, luncheon with President Taft, 1908, and six other engraved invitations; tickets to State and National conventions, reception to President Hayes; cards.
23. Shattuck, Mrs. C. J. (Albion)—Leather trunk marked with brass tacks "W. P." containing sixteen home made articles belonging to Mrs. James Vanderberg who has moved to Los Angeles, California.
24. Silliman, Miss Sue I. (Three Rivers)—Framed chromo of "Trial of Red Jacket" from a celebrated painting of the Indian Artist Stanley, Detroit. S. E. Beadsley, photographer.
25. Smith, R. A. (Lansing)—Framed portrait of O. Rominger, State Geologist, 1871-1885.
26. Snell, Mrs. (Lansing)—Plaque marble with numbered scale, used by physicians in measuring medicine; marble pestle used in compounding medicine by her husband, Dr. D. M. Snell.
27. Spencer, Mrs. Mary C. (Lansing)—Photograph of guests at first dinner of the Chapter of Lansing Daughters of the American Revolution; two deeds in one frame signed by Presidents James Madison and Thomas Jefferson; three photographs of the removal of Gov. Mason's remains from New York City to Detroit; framed picture of the Old State Building formerly on southwest corner of Capitol Square, erected in 1853, costing $30,693.41. This building was sold to Charles Butler and is now

the Butler House, corner Kalamazoo and Washington Streets; framed picture State seal; picture showing the breaking of ground for the Clinton and Kalamazoo Canal, July 20, 1838.

28. Spier, Mr. and Mrs. (Lansing)—Reel; pair snow shoes; frying pan with long handle.
29. Starkey, Henry (Detroit)—Picture of old pump built in 1880.
30. State Library (Lansing)—Picture of the New York State Agricultural College, Ithaca, N. Y.; framed photo of group consisting of Lt. Gov. Alonzo Sessions, 1877-80, Barnard Rice, Chas. A. Rice, Henry S. Holden, James V. Barry, Geo. A. Packard, Moses A. Chamberlin and Clayton A. Read; framed picture showing the laying of the corner stone of the State Capitol, Oct. 2, 1873.
31. Tucks, J. E. (Lansing)—Wringer dated 1876 bought of Scio Mann in Ohio; brass kettle bought in 1823 and brought from Bellevue, Ohio, in 1880.

Among the Books

RURAL MICHIGAN, by Lew Allen Chase, M. A. It is a special pleasure to commend to readers of the Magazine this volume by Prof. Chase, who years ago was a fellow student with the editor at the University of Michigan. Mr. Chase is now head of the department of history in the Northern State Normal School at Marquette, having previously been for some years instructor of history in the High School at Houghton, Michigan. From training and experience he is eminently qualified to write a readable and teachable book on this important phase of Michigan's economic history.

Many teachers of Michigan will be familiar with Mr. Chase's *Government of Michigan*, a dynamic book for training in good citizenship, which has already been reviewed in the Magazine. Mr. Chase has the instinct of the good teacher, to connect up knowledge with life, and it is this human interest, combined with his accuracy of data and scholarly interpretations, that makes his work appeal especially to teachers and to general readers.

The present volume is one of the "Rural State and Province Series" under the general editorship of Mr. L. H. Bailey. The sponsorship of the Macmillan Company will be for many a guarantee of the general high character of the series. The field is one of great interest at this time, and we are pleased to note that besides this volume there have already appeared *Rural New York* and *Rural California*, both volumes of interest to Michigan people, whose ancestors came in the early days largely from "York State" and whose children have been lured in large numbers to the Golden Gate. The scope and aim of *Rural Michigan* is thus stated by Mr. Chase:

"It is not the province of the book to contain a careful and detailed analysis of the economic and social problems related to the subject; such a study must await the labors of other students along many special lines in the years to come. So far as it goes, it is hoped that the book will prove of interest and value to the general reader and may serve as a basis for further investigation of particular problems. The book, then, may be regarded as an introduction to the study of the rural situation in Michigan, putting the State before the reading public in quite a new light."

In the first three chapters are discussed the physical and climatic setting of Michigan, the influence of soils on its settlement, and resources of the State such as the forests, mines, game and water sup-

ply. Next occupation of the land is taken up, covering the principal Indian cessions, the government surveys and sales, grants for educational purposes, and the general processes of settlement. Two chapters are given to agricultural and animal industries of the State in their historical development. A chapter each is given to "Transportation and Marketing," "Rural Manufactures of Michigan," "Rural Living Conditions," and "Agricultural Societies." Extension work, agricultural journals and the rural church are discussed in a chapter on educational enterprises; conservation policies, roads and drainage are considered in a chapter devoted to governmental work for rural life. "Development of Michigan Waste Lands" is treated in a special chapter. The book closes with a general summary of status and tendencies based upon the 1920 census. Several well selected statistical appendices, eight plates, and a good index add very much to the usableness of the book. This volume should be an inspiration to students trained in history and economics and interested in the agricultural development of Michigan to investigate some of the special problems here suggested (Macmillan, N. Y., 1922, pp. 492, $2.50).

THE STORY OF AGRICULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES, by Albert H. Sanford, Professor of History, State Normal School, Lacrosse, Wisconsin.

Together with *Rural Michigan*, by Prof. Lew Allen Chase, we are pleased to note this earlier book, on the national aspects of rural history, which teachers are finding of great value in the hands of their students.

It is a small book, and eminently easy to read. Professor Sanford had young people in mind when he wrote, and wished to show them what an immensely interesting subject the history of agriculture can be made. So much that is written about it is highly specialized and technical.

The author is a practical teacher, a man of wide human interests, and a capital friend of the editor of this Magazine. Prof. Sanford has enlivened his story, in his characteristic way, with concrete illustrations and descriptions. He is intensely interested in the general problem of making the farm a place where boys and girls will like to stay. Those in the city who have had farm experiences will enjoy his narrative equally well with those who live on the farm. The story as he tells it adds vitality to the general history of our country. A few lines from the book will reveal the secret of its charm,—from the beginning of Chapter VIII, "George Washington—Farmer."

"All who have studied American history know something about Washington as General and President, but much less about him as a farmer. To this business he gave strict attention at all times, whatever his other occupation. In the management of the farms that made up his plantation on the Potomac, he took great pleasure; and it was only his strong sense of duty and his devotion to the country that made him leave his home to accept those most responsible positions—Commander of the Army and President of the new Republic.

"Concerning Mount Vernon, Washington said: 'No estate in United America is more pleasantly situated than this. It lies in a high, dry, and healthy country, three hundred miles by water from the sea, and as you will see by the plan, on one of the finest rivers in the world.' When he inherited this estate from his half-brother Lawrence, it covered about 2500 acres. He added to it, so that in 1793 it contained 10,000 acres. The map shows that it was composed of four farms, besides the 'Mansion House Farm,' upon which Washington's house stood. A large part of the estate was wooded. The various farms were divided into fields, and these were numbered and accurately surveyed. There were 3260 acres under cultivation or in meadow, orchard, garden, or clover lots.

"Each farm had a hired overseer, and on some if not all there were overseers' houses, besides barns, stables, etc., while near by stood the shanties for the slaves of that farm. During the long years of Washington's absence from home, as Colonel in the French and Indian War, as General in the Revolutionary War, and as President, he employed eight different managers for his estate. But the business of the estate was constantly in his mind, and he directed its affairs by correspondence as well as it could be done in that way.

"When Washington was at home, he gave the strictest attention to his lands, crops, and stock. At seven o'clock in the morning he mounted his horse and frequently made a twenty-mile circuit of the various farms, consulting with the overseers and giving directions for the management of the estate. He kept exact account of every day's history of each of the fields—what work was going on, what crop was being planted or harvested, what stock he had and how it was being cared for, what new seeds or trees were being tried, besides the exact yield in bushels or pounds of each crop. And many were the hours late at night that he spent in writing the journal of all these details.

"What, may be asked, were Washington's ideas of farming? He knew very well about the shiftless methods to be found everywhere in America. Of this matter he said: 'The general custom has been to raise a crop of Indian corn (maize), which, according to the mode of cultivation, is a good preparation for wheat; after which the ground

is respited (except from weeds, and every trash that can contribute to its foulness) for about eighteen months; and so on, alternately, without any dressing, till the land is exhausted, when it is turned over, without being sown with grass-seeds, or reeds, or any method taken to restore it; and another piece is ruined in the same manner. No more cattle is raised than can be supported by lowland meadows, swamps, etc., and the tops and blades of Indian corn; as very few persons have attended to sowing grasses, and connecting cattle with their crops, Indian corn is the chief support of our laborers and horses. Our lands were originally very good; but use and abuse have made them quite otherwise.'

"Washington strongly condemned this method of farming. He saw that it had resulted in lowering the average crop of wheat in Virginia from thirty to eight or ten bushels per acre. He was a student of the best English writings upon agriculture, sending there for books and corresponding with the best authorities both in England and America. So he was thoroughly informed about rotation, fertilization, and the use of clover and root crops. He believed in a scientific treatment of the soil and worked hard to bring his managers and overseers to understand and to apply the best principles known at that time."

And so on for fifteen pages of this chapter. The book is profusely and pleasantly illustrated with small cuts, maps and diagrams (D. C. Heath and Co., N. Y., 1916, pp. 394, $1.00).

THE IRON MAN IN INDUSTRY, by Arthur Pound.

"An outline of the social significance of automatic machinery" is the subtitle of this book, and it is correctly descriptive. Few books written in 1922 have deserved a more careful study. It is, as the author says, "neither hot rhetoric nor cold analysis, but rather a calm synthesis" of essential factors in the most compelling social-industrial problem of our age.

This volume represents the ripe experience and reflection of a man of action and insight. For twenty years Mr. Pound has been "employer and employed, reporter, editor, and printer, proprietor, partner and share holder of and in various enterprises" in factory towns. A practical business man and newspaper man, he is something of a specialist, and a successful generalist. As a Michigan man and an alumnus of the University of Michigan, now engaged in newspaper work in the State his conclusions have special interest for Michigan people.

The literary qualities of the book are unusual; the chapters appeared first serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The book's human in-

terest may be judged from the titles of the first and last chapters, "From Land to Mill," and "God and Man." It is this imaginative quality that gives the book power and grips the reader to the last word.

"This is the century of the automatic machine. The social problem is to accommodate the use of automatic machinery to the well-being of the masses; our political problem is to avert class and state wars growing out of quarrels over the profits, powers, and privileges accruing through the production and marketing of goods. Much of our modern heart searching, if intelligently directed, leads down to the Iron Man at the base of the industrial structure. He claims the twentieth century as his; the social and economic forces that he releases are most likely to carry on into the future the reality of our day."

Closing the book the author says: "Politics, economics, and science —these sustain and order life; but the life they offer is too barren of spiritual satisfaction to give joy in and of itself . . . . Consequently, whatever the trend and pace of evolution, Man will have need of Divine assistance toward wisdom and patience in order to emerge strong and serene from the struggle with the Iron Man."

The Iron Man In Industry is a book with a message that none can afford to miss, least of all the man whose soul yearns for the so-called "practical" in present day education (The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, 1922, pp. 230, $1.75).

A HISTORY OF ROME TO 565 A. D., by Arthur E. R. Boak, Ph. D., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Michigan.

In some 400 pages Professor Boak has given us a well organized and readable statement of what a modern scholar is willing to say about the fundamentals of Ancient Roman history. Primarily it was written for his own classes in college, and its arrangement therefore is in text-book form, with topical helps and other classroom apparatus. But anyone interested in this field will find these helps an advantage. Especially the bibliographical notes will be appreciated, leading to the most recent books, reference works, and magazine articles on subjects discussed in the various chapters. These notes are gathered by chapters at the end of the volume. A complete index, chronological table, and maps are added, together with an introductory discussion of sources for the study especially of the earlier period.

Characteristic of the careful scholarship of the work are these closing lines of the Introduction:

"The problem which faced the later Roman historians was the one

which faces writers of Roman history today, namely, to explain the origins and early development of the Roman state. And their explanation does not deserve more credence than a modern reconstruction simply because they were nearer in point of time to the period in question, for they had no wealth of historical materials which have since been lost, and they were not animated by a desire to reach the truth at all cost nor guided by rational principles of historical criticism. Accordingly we must regard as mythical the traditional narrative of the founding of Rome and of the regal period, and for the history of the republic to the time of the war with Pyrrhus we should rely upon the list of eponymous magistrates, whose variations indicate political crises, supplemented by the account in Diodorus, with the admission that this itself is not infallible. All that supplements or deviates from this we should frankly acknowledge to be of a hypothetical nature. Therefore we should concede the impossibility of giving a complete and adequate account of the history of these centuries and refrain from doing ourselves what we criticise in the Roman historians" (Macmillan, N. Y., 1922, pp. 444, $3.25).

THE WAR WITH MEXICO, 1846-1848, by Justin H. Smith.

This is a serious and thorough history of the war with our southern neighbor. The author was formerly Professor of Modern History at Dartmouth College. Those who are interested in this field are probably familiar with his earlier work, *The Annexation of Texas*, which is really an introduction to these volumes.

The Mexican War has been considerably eclipsed in popular interest by the World War, and the warrant for this work is primarily in the author's equipment. He has spared no effort apparently to obtain substantially all the valuable information on the subject, as seen in the detailed bibliography at the end of volume two. At a just estimate, perhaps nine-tenths of the material he has used is new. No previous writer on the subject had been through the diplomatic and military archives of both belligerent nations. The author states that by special arrangement with the presidents of the United States and Mexico, he was able to examine every pertinent document belonging to the two governments, and that the search extended to the archives of Great Britain, France, Spain, Cuba, Columbia, and Peru, as well as to those of American and Mexican states and cities. Every promising depository appears to have been sifted, and the volumes based almost entirely on original materials.

The author thus states his point of view: "As a particular consequence of this full inquiry, an episode that has been regarded both in

the United States and abroad as discreditable to us, appears now to wear quite a different complexion. Such a result, it may be presumed, will gratify patriotic Americans, but the author must candidly admit that he began with no purpose or even thought of reaching it. His view of the war at the outset of his special inquiries coincided substantially with that prevailing in New England, and the subject was taken up simply because he felt convinced that it had not been studied thoroughly. This conviction, indeed, has seemed to be gaining ground rapidly for some time, and hence it is believed that new opinions, resting upon facts, will be acceptable now in place of opinions resting largely upon traditional prejudices and mis-information."

The work is a critical as well as a narrative history, and is supplied with the apparatus of the scholar. This material has been gathered at the end of each volume, however, to be out of the way of the general reader, and is there topically arranged. Despite the erudition of the volumes the style is popular. For example, these paragraphs near the close:

"Of all conquerors we were perhaps the most excusable, the most reasonable, the most beneficent. The Mexicans had come far short of their duty to the world. Being what they were, they had forfeited a large share of their national rights. Even Humboldt said that Mexico "ought not to expect to withhold, from the uses of civilization and improvement," such neglected territories as New Mexico and California. A philosopher like Josiah Royce, a moralist like Francis Lieber and an unsympathetic historian like Dr. von Holst agree substantially that our duty called upon us to occupy the Golden Gate. Not merely an administration or a party, but the nation believed that our destiny called us there, and felt ready to assume the high responsibility of taking possession.

"Besides, while ours could perhaps be called a war of conquest, it was not a war for conquest—the really vital point. We found it necessary to require territory, for otherwise our claims and indemnity could not be paid. The conflict was forced upon us; yet we refused to take advantage of our opportunity. 'It is almost impossible,' says Bryce, 'for a feeble State, full of natural wealth which her people do not use, not to crumble under the impact of a stronger and more enterprising race.' But we gave back much that we took, and paid for the rest more than it was worth to Mexico. 'All deserve praise, who . . . have been more just than their actual power made it necessary to be,' said Thucydides; and we were not only just but liberal. Finally, we gave proof, in the prosperity and usefulness of our new territories, that our responsibility was amply met.

"So the account was fairly adjusted and more. But something still

remains to say. A closer acquaintance with us and with real national life taught Mexico some of her mistakes, confirmed the political relations of her states, and helped greatly to liberalize her ideas and institutions. 'The sad part of it is that our chastisement is merited,' preached Ramirez. 'He that reflects how useful are the lessons of suffering and misfortune,' declared the minister of relations, 'will admit that no one could show more clearly the deformity of our errors than the foreign invader [has done], and that there could have been no more efficacious means of elevating our reason above the bastard interests of political passion'" (Macmillan, N. Y., 1919, 2 vols., pp. xiii-572 and xiii-620, $10 the set).

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NATIONALITY AND INTERNATIONALISM, by W. B. Pillsbury, Professor of Psychology and Director of the Psychological Laboratory, University of Michigan.

Among the many "after the war" books, one of permanent value is this keen study by Professor Pillsbury. "This book was suggested by contact that I had with the American Greeks returned to Greece to fight in the Balkan War," he says, and his position is a compromise between those who hold to the theory of "immediate instinct" in reference to the subject and those "who find all social phenomena explained by the fear of the individual for the social whole, with the consequent dominance of convention." He has shown that the social responses are in part due to each of these forces. On this point he says:

"They begin in a rudimentary way as instincts and are then determined by conventions and ideals developed through experience and imposed upon the group by the 'herd instinct.' It also seems necessary to insist that the result of the action of these forces is not unworthy. One obtains the impression from reading Trotter, at least, that the action of man in the mass is altogether deplorable, that all of his conventions lead to undesirable results. One forgets in this view that reason itself is nothing more than a control of action and thought by wide experience and tradition, and that while conventions at times enforce an ultra conservatism, they also prevent unconsidered action on impulse, as well as thinking by uncontrolled association. This is an instance of a general tendency in ethics and psychology, to forget that a process when analyzed is the same process as that with which one started."

The author's chapter headings challenge interest, covering the problem of nationality, the nation as a psychological unit, hate as a social force, nationality in history, nationality in the process of naturalization, the nation and the mob consciousness, the national mind and how

it thinks and acts, the nation as ideal, nationality and the state, nationality and super-nationality as expressed in a League of Nations.

This book was published in 1919, amid the stirring events of that year. It is interesting to note what a conservative psychologist at a great American university, and particularly the University of Michigan, had then to say about the League of Nations. In his closing chapter he says:

"In no single respect does the psychology of nationality offer any reasonable objection to the formation of an international society or League of Nations. It is an obvious next step in the development of a social organization, and the social instincts and the social ideals and habits offer sufficient basis for its development and for its proper functioning when it has been developed. The one instinctive or emotional element that is lacking to it which has been effective in the development of the present nations is the fear of outside force and the hatred of a common oppressor. Even this may be supplied in the same way that fear of the violence and injustice of an unorganized society may be said to provide an incentive for the formation of the local political organization. The disorders and outrages of a Bolshevist regime serve as an irrefutable argument in favor of any political organization, however imperfect it may be in any of its details. Similarly, the horrors of the most civilized wars make insistent demand for the development of any form of international organization that promises the least chance of success.

"It cannot be supposed that the international organization will greatly diminish the importance of nationality in the world relations. Nations will always exist as next to the largest unit of organization. It is essential that they should; no wider state is conceivable except as an organization of the present national states. It is even questionable whether the national pride will ever suffer serious diminution, however thoroughly the larger unit should be organized, and however completely it may be accepted by the world at large. The most that can be anticipated, and all that is desirable is that the excess of national assertiveness should be subordinated to the good of the common whole, that national egotism should be restrained sufficiently to respect the rights of others. All that is good in nationality, all its enthusiasms for the common weal, and all of the international rivalries might well be retained and transformed where necessary into competition for the attainment of mutually beneficial ends. That the sentiment of loyalty to separate nations would ever be greatly reduced is not likely and would be a much to be deplored result. It is doubtful if consciousness of belonging to a world league would ever reduce the consciousness of being an American or a Frenchman to the extent even that the Scotch-

man has been subordinated to the Englishman and still less to the extent that the Yankee or Southerner has been subordinated to the American. One may venture to hope that the remnants of a national consciousness might become less painful in the process of subordination to the wider loyalty than is the national consciousness of the Irishman. One may well question whether the allegiance to an international league would ever take on the personal form of loyalty that is connected with the national consciousness. It would probably always be more like the general sense of decency common to all civilized beings, an extension of the dictates of conscience from the merely personal relations, as they exist at present, to include the acts of nations as well as of individuals. It is not even necessary that the entity should be personified and individualized. But with time and the formation of new habits of thought and ideals of conduct the sense of belonging to a community of mankind might well be strengthened.

"That the first formulation of rules for the guidance of the wider league shall be perfect is not necessary and is not to be expected. As in the development of all governments the first attempt must be tentative, and the instruments must be tested in practice and modified where found defective. If the suggested draft of a constitution shall be sufficient to tide the world over a few crises, and to confirm the desire for a working agreement, it will suffice. Once the world accepts the principle that a better way than war exists for the settlement of international disputes, the best machinery for settling them will be developed by a gradual process of trial and error. After the habit of appealing to right rather than to might has been established, war will be as unthinkable as a private duel. Meantime it is essential that the broader sympathies now wasted in more or less vague sentimentalism shall be crystallized about a definite agreement. When that agreement shall have had the tradition of a century behind it, it will be considered as immutable as the good lawyer now regards the constitution, and with a few centuries of practice it will assume the fixity of the moral law" (Appleton, N. Y., 1919, pp. 314, $2.50).

THE REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION, by Lothrop Stoddard, A. M., Ph. D.

The author of this volume, a member of the faculty of Harvard University, is well known to the American public through his earlier works, *The New World of Islam*, *The Rising Tide of Color*, and *The Stakes of the War*. In the present volume he re-examines the problem of social revolution, in the belief that all political and social problems must be re-examined for this generation because of the light which

investigations in Psychology and other biological fields have thrown upon the modern world. In the last analysis all human activity depends upon the workings of the laws of life revealed by science, he says, and a correct diagnosis of the grim blight of civilized society, the revolutionary unrest which afflicts the world today, has been needed. Professor Stoddard finds it, not in Russian Bolshevik propaganda, nor the World War, nor the French Revolution, but in "the process of social impoverishment, which destroyed the great civilizations of the past and which threatens to destroy our own."

This book is solid meat, but the style is clear and forceful, and the general reader will not find it too difficult. The analysis is so clear that one always has the line of direction. The urge and drive of the book are splendid. For example:

"The Under-Man may thus be controlled. But he remains; he multiplies; he bides his time. And, now and then, his time comes. When a civilization falters beneath its own weight and by the decay of its human foundations; when its structure is shaken by the storms of war, dissension, or calamity; then the long-repressed forces of atavistic revolt gather themselves together for a spring.

"And (noteworthy fact!) such revolts usually have able leaders. That is what makes them so formidable. This revolutionary officers-corps is mainly composed of three significant types: the 'border-liner,' the 'disinherited,' and the 'misguided superior.' Let us consider then in turn."

Later, in a chapter on "The Iron Law of Inequality" the author attempts to show that the idea of "natural equality," a pet doctrine of the "Under-Man," is "one of the most pernicious delusions that has ever afflicted mankind." The chapter is the careful analysis of a scholar, but it has greater cogency than an impassioned appeal. He follows it with a chapter on "The Nemesis of the Inferior," in which he develops the central point of the book, that racial impoverishment is the prime plague and greatest menace of civilization.

There are plenty of shocks for the reader. In the author's treatment of the instinctive urge which rises from the emotional depths of the race he shows that "regress" is just as "natural" as progress, depending on the character of the human stocks, a hard but salutary disillusionment for those who believe in automatic progress.

"The Ground-Swell of Revolt" is another powerful chapter, followed by "The Rebellion of the Under-Man." These two chapters form a crushing indictment of utopian literature, revolutionary agitators and proletarian movements out of their own history and destructive ideals and methods. Poised, keen, and masterful, with the scholar's grasp

of his facts and the skilled writer's concreteness and vividness he reaches his climax in "The War Against Chaos:"

"The world is today the battle-ground of a titanic struggle. This struggle has long been gathering. It is now upon us and must be fought out. No land is immune. . . . In the present revolt against civilization there is nothing basically new. Viewed historically, it is merely one of a series of similar destructive, retrograde movements. What is new, however, is the elaboration of a revolutionary philosophy which has fired and welded the rebellious elements as never before."

This philosophy must fail, as all false philosophies have failed. Then what?—Passion and violence, he says.

"More and more the revolutionary watchword will be that of the French Communist, Henri Barbusse: 'Le Couteau entre les Dents'—'With Your Knife in Your Teeth!'" (This is the title of Barbusse's latest book.)

How shall civilization meet the onset? The author discusses two methods. One is palliative and temporary, the other constructive and permanent. Forward-looking minds are coming to realize that social revolutions are social breakdowns, caused in the last analysis by the elimination of superior strains and the multiplication of degenerates and inferiors.

"More and more we are coming to see that hatred of civilization is mainly a matter of heredity; that Bolsheviks are mostly born and not made. How can we expect a man to support a social order which he instinctively detests or which he is congenitally unable to achieve? And how can society expect peaceful progress so long as it spawns social rebels and laggards, and at the same time sterilizes those creative superiors who are at once its builders and its preservers?"

The palliative the author finds in immediate intelligent action; the permanent cure, in the modern eugenic program, and he gives an entire chapter to this last, the final chapter, "Neo-Aristocracy."

The entire book is a compelling argument for race-betterment, as we face life in one of the world's greatest transition periods, the outcome of which may determine the course of civilization perhaps for centuries (Scribners, N. Y., 1922, pp. 274, $2.50).

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN BRITISH POLITICS, by Clarence Walworth Alvord, Ph. D., professor of history in the University of Minnesota.

These two volumes contain a re-interpretation of events leading up to the American Revolution, based upon a careful study of many source materials which have not before been used, for example the Lands-

downe and Dartmouth manuscripts. Professor Alvord found new material in the Canadian Archives, the British Records office and the Library of Congress. He has gained a clearer view than was before possible of Britain's American colonial policy, of the conflicting projects promoted by the colonies against each other and of schemes and intrigues looking to the occupation of the Mississippi Valley.

Readers who like real history will enjoy these volumes, and the extensive bibliography appended will lead them out into details of the subject (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1921, 2 vols., large 8vo, cloth, uncut, gilt tops, $10).

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURE: HISTORICAL BACKGROUND is the title of a neat little brochure from the State Department of Agriculture, written by Prof. Lew Allen Chase, head of the history department at the Northern State Normal School and secretary of the Marquette County Historical Society. Mr. John A. Doelle, State Commissioner of Agriculture, says:

A series of educational contributions on Michigan Agriculture are being prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Agricultural Development. The author of each work is an authority in his field. The series does not deal with specific agricultural practices, but is rather concerned with the general phases of Michigan agriculture.

This is the first publication, giving a short, clear, historical outline of Michigan's agriculture.

Prof. L. A. Chase, the author of this manuscript, has just published a more extensive work on the rural history of Michigan and is eminently qualified to present to the people of this State a brief of the beginnings of our rural life.

STARDUST AND DANDELIONS, by Frederic Zeigen, author of *Breezes From the Pines, Therold Archer Knowleton,* etc.

Mr. Zeigen is a Detroit business man, president of the Bankers' Land and Investment Company, president of the Zeigen Construction Company, and director and stockholder in several business enterprises of similar high standing. *Stardust and Dandelions* is a book of poems, proving, in Mr. Zeigen's experience at least that business and poetry can go hand in hand. These poems are the kind of poetry that appeals to the daily interests of a business man. Mr. Zeigen is an idealist. He has gained a worthy place as a composer of music. He is president

of the Michigan Authors' Association, and also of the Michigan Methodist Laymen's Association. The poems in the present volume are obviously written out of the experience of a practical idealist.

The range of the poems is varied. "Children's Poems," which Mr. Zeigen says were written to amuse his own and his neighbors' children; "Pep Poems," written to hearten his own sales force; "Lyrics of Love," which remind of one's own college days; "Patriotic Poems," which pulse with the blood of a soldier; "Ballads and Sketches"; poems "In Lighter Vein;" and "Meditative Poems," reflecting a fine philosophical and religious outlook,—these are main divisions in the table of contents. These poems have a remarkable "grip;" they linger in the memory as one goes about the day's work; they have a lift, and give zest to life; they are the business man's poetry.

There are many fine touches of sentiment in these poems. "I's Dest a Little Dirl, Daddy,"—may be sentiment, but anyone who can read this poem through experience will wish to remember it. And after all are not some of the finest things in life matters of sentiment? The man who has caught the vision of life from "stardust" to "dandelions" will not willingly let that vision go.

Mr. Zeigen has had the fine courage to express the emotional side of his experience and he will have his response. From his experience with men Mr. Zeigen knows that the success of the business man is due largely to his keenness for the emotional in human life, and he will not be shamed out.

Measured by the principles of current literary criticism, these poems may not all reach the top, as Mr. Zeigen knows. But as James Oliver Curwood says, who writes the introduction: "In giving this book of verse to the public, I feel that Frederic Zeigen, its author, is in a way doing more than many men and women who have achieved their niche in the hall of fame to which all poets aspire. . . . He has shown that the man buried deep in the everyday necessities of a hard practical life need not lose the finer things born in him."

Rev. William L. Stidger, noted Michigan Chautauqua lecturer and author, pays the book this fine tribute, in a letter to Mr. Zeigen: "It is just exactly what the title says. You have reached to the skies and you have touched the earth. You have stood with your feet among the dandelions and your heart among the stars. That is enough for any man. That ought to give him immortality."

Mr. Grove Patterson, formerly with the Detroit *Journal*, now editor of the Toledo *Blade*, writes editorially: "It touches the highlights and purple patches of life. It deals gently and understandingly with the commonplace. It reaches and touches life and things from many angles, always with sane, clean interpretation."

Mr. Zeigen is a native of Michigan and loves every inch of it. He was born in Saginaw in 1874, was educated there and at the State Normal College in Ypsilanti where he was Class Poet at graduation. For some years afterwards he taught school, studied law with Hon. John E. Bird in Adrian, became Associate Editor of the *Gateway Magazine*, and finally entered the business world in Detroit where he has amassed a fortune. Immersed in business he has written the words and music for some forty songs, published many short stories and two novels. His latest work *Stardust and Dandelions* contains perhaps his best poems (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, N. Y., pp. 281, $2.00).

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